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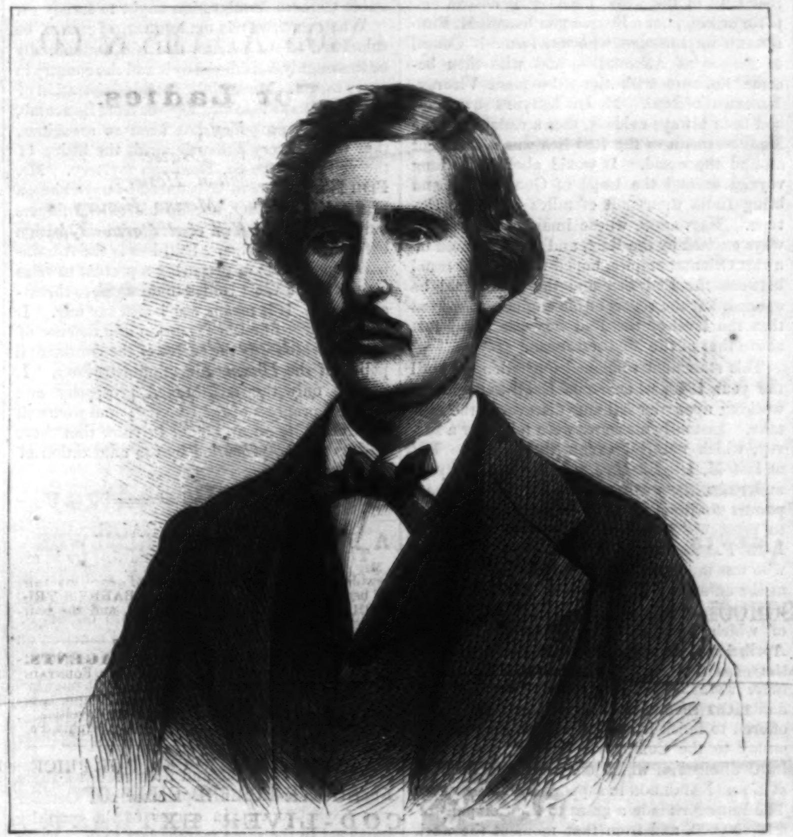
SEÑOR MIGUEL ALDAMA,

PRESIDENT OF THE CUBAN JUNTA.

THE character and standing of the members of the Cuban Junta, in this city, are a guarantee to the friends of the Cuban cause that its interests will not be allowed to suffer. The Junta consists of six members besides the President. These are, HILARION CISNEROS, CARLOS DEL CASTELLO, FRANCISCO FESSER, JOSÉ M. MORA, MANUEL MARQUEZ STERLING, and J. M. MESTRE. Three of these have been distinguished members of the Havana bar. The others have gained equal distinction in eminent business positions.

The newly-chosen President of the Cuban Junta, Señor MIGUEL ALDAMA, is a gentleman of about fifty years, of very dark complexion, sharp black eyes, active, bold, and full of the American spirit. He owns five of the largest and most valuable estates in Cuba, which estates lately employed 3000 or 4000 negroes and Chinamen. Besides these, he owns the grandest private residence in Havana, and a large share of the Havana Railroad, most of which property, to the amount of several millions, has recently been confiscated by the Spanish Government. Señor ALDAMA has always been prominent among the revolutionary spirits of Cuba. A few years ago General SERRANO offered him, by order of Queen ISABELLA, the title of Marquis of Santa Rosa, which honor he declined. He was, until exiled, President of the Havana Insurance Company, and a member of the Council of Administration of the Island of Cuba. In January his splendid mansion in Havana was sacked by the Volunteers of the Spanish army; and his other property, before the Spanish Government seized it, was pillaged by the troops without let or hindrance. Señor ALDAMA enters upon his duties at a time when the cause of Cuban independence in this country is sadly in need of an efficient leader. His friends predict for him signal success.

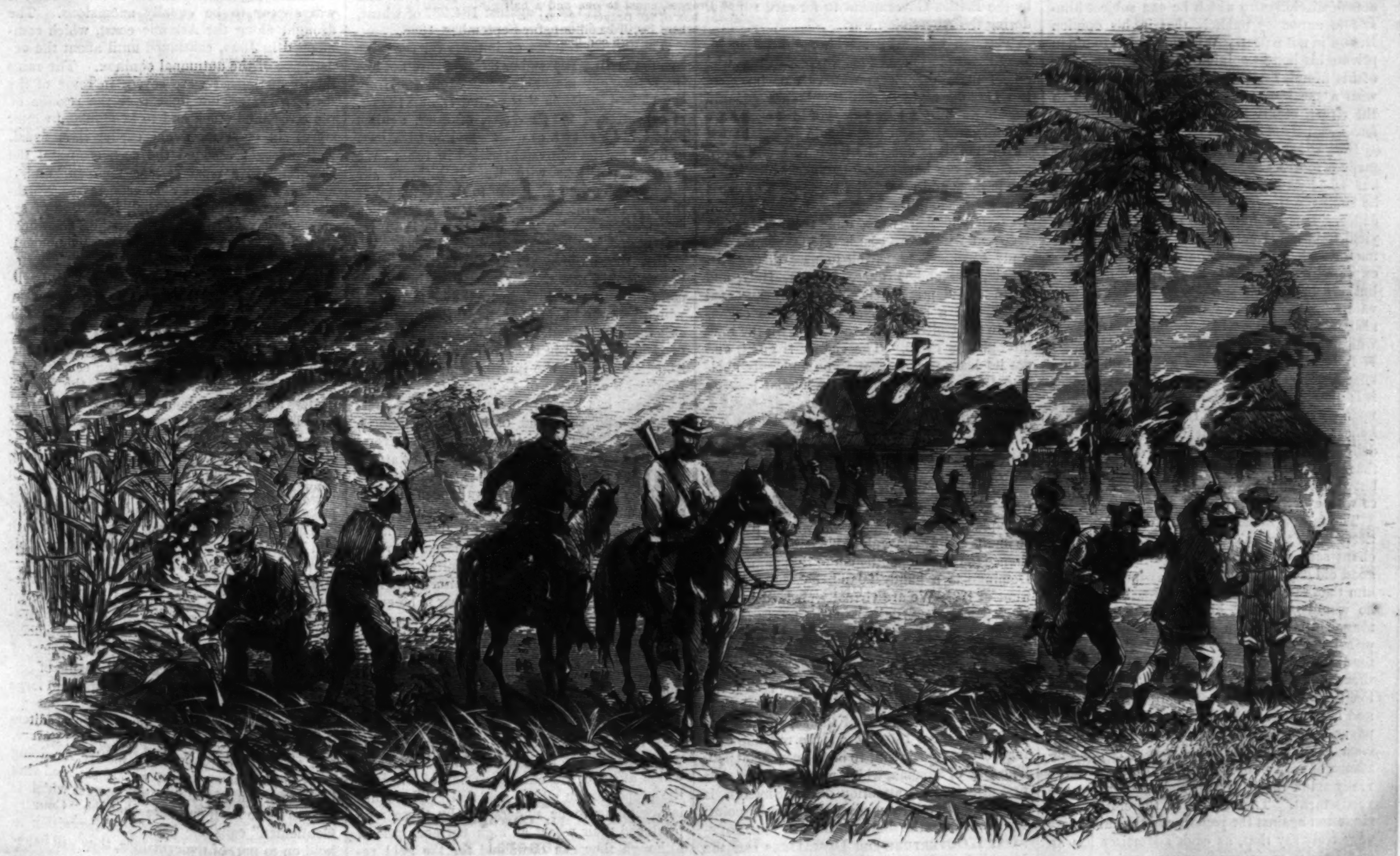
Besides the portrait of President ALDAMA, we also give on this page a representation of the burning of a plantation by the Cuban insurgents. This work of devastation is now being carried out on the largest possible scale, and is one of the marked features of the war as at present carried on by the Cubans, who find that their only chance of success depends upon the destruction of the enemy's supplies. They are doing what SHERIDAN did in the Valley of the Shenandoah, and what SHERMAN did in his march through Georgia and the Carolinas.



SEÑOR MIGUEL ALDAMA, PRESIDENT OF THE CUBAN JUNTA, NEW YORK CITY.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY S. A. COHNER, HAVANA.]

SLEEP AND DEATH.

"To love life without fearing death," said Hufeland, is the only means of living happy and dying at a good old age. People who dread death seldom attain longevity. If death presents itself to us under a repulsive and terrifying aspect, it is solely owing to our habits and prejudices having perverted our feelings. Montaigne justly said that it is the darkening the room, the faces full of grief and desolation, the moaning and crying, that make death terrific. Civilization, by investing death with the most lugubrious associations that it can conjure up, has also contributed to rendering it a hideous spectre. It is the reverse with the patient. In nine cases out of ten death is not only a relief, but almost a sense of voluptuousness. Sleep daily teaches us the reality of death. "Sleep and death are twins," said the poets of antiquity. Why, then, should we fear death, when we daily invoke its brother as a friend and a consolation? "Life," said Buffon, "begins to fail long before it is utterly gone." Why, then, should we dread the last moment, when we are prepared for its advent by so many other moments of a similar character? Death is as natural as life. Both come to us in the same way, without our consciousness, without our being able to determine the advent of either. No one knows the exact moment when he goes to sleep, none will know the exact moment of his death. It is certain that death is generally a pleasurable feeling. Lucan used to say that life would be unsupportable to man if the gods had not hidden from him the happiness he would experience in dying. Tullius Marcellinus, Francis Suarez, and the philosopher La Mettrie, all spoke of the voluptuousness of their last moments. Such are the consolations which philosophy presents to timid



THE CUBAN INSURGENTS BURNING PLANTATIONS.

minds that dread death. We need not say what much higher and loftier consolations await the Christian who is firm and steadfast in his faith, and has before him the prospect of eternal life.

RECEPTION.

O meadow that lies right under the skies,
  Open all night and day!
I wish I were listening half so well
  To hear what the heavens say;
So quick to welcome what they let fall,
  So ready with thanks as true,
I never should lack any good at all
  If my heart were like you!

Blossoming sweet and full to meet
  Every smile of the sun,
Growing glad with a brighter green
  Wherever the waters run;
Garnering up into golden grain
  All the light and the dew,
I never should have any day in vain
  If my heart were like you!

Carl Spencer.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 4, 1869.

JOURNALISM.

THE Morals and Manners of Journalism is the subject of an article, by Mr. Richard Grant White, in the December *Galaxy*, which presents very forcibly some of the chief difficulties of journalism. The theory of true journalism he thinks plain. It is candor, good faith, and decency. But he also thinks that the consideration accorded to a journalist of acknowledged ability is not one of unmingled respect. This arises from the fact that an editor is believed to grind his own axes, shielding his friends and smiting his enemies. The pressure upon him to do this, Mr. White's own experience probably teaches him. Here, for instance, is editor Smith's bosom friend, the poet Brown, who has just published a little volume of fugitive verses. A review of it appeared in Smith's paper which was very severe, which even denied that Brown was a poet. Mr. Brown instantly quarreled with editor Smith, and really felt personally aggrieved. "If your friend," he said, bitterly, "won't praise your book, who will?"

It is unquestionably true that a great deal of current newspaper criticism upon every subject is regarded with great suspicion by the public. The critics, despite Jenkins, are generous and friendly men; and it is very hard for them to blight young hopes, even by a truth-telling that seems unkind. Mr. White says truly that the ideal editor must know neither personal friend nor enemy in his paper. But the career of a journalist upon such a condition is one of the most difficult conceivable. The root of the difficulty is in human nature. If editor Smith sincerely likes the poet Brown, and enjoys his companionship, it is plainly one of the severest acts of discipline to which he can subject himself to announce publicly that in his opinion Brown is not a poet. What man likes to tell in private his honest opinion of the performances of his friends? But to step to the front-door with a speaking-trumpet, and halloo them to the street, seems to be a very superfluity of frankness.

But, as Mr. White truly says, the editor has made a contract of honor with the public. He has asked its support upon the condition that he shall tell the truth. He has invited confidence. It is dishonorable in him, therefore, to yield to personal partiality or persuasion. He must do what Washington did as President—express his private regard as a man, if he has it, but add that as President he can have no private regards. There is a duty of the public, also, in this matter, which we hope Mr. White will enforce in one of the articles of his series. If it is dishonorable in the editor to be influenced in his statements by personal preference, it is disreputable in individuals to appeal to him upon personal grounds. If editor Smith is dishonest when he says that Brown's poems are delightful, what is Brown, who does not ask that the truth shall be told about his book, but that it shall have "a kind notice?" And so with every enterprise and advertisement.

The editor, indeed, should say to his advertisers what the Philadelphia anti-slavery merchant said to his Southern customers, in the good old days of darkness and shame, who told him that they would buy enormously of him if he would only hold his condemned abolition tongue—"Gentlemen, I sell my goods, not my principles." The editor sells space in his paper for an advertisement and its presentation to his thousands of readers; he doesn't sell his opinion that Tom's bitters are better than Jack's; and if Tom and Jack will not advertise in the paper unless the editor will say that he likes each better than the other, which is the substance of such praise, it is because they do not really think the paper a good medium for advertisement. The request is, therefore, an insinuation against the paper; and the editor may very truly say that, as each advertiser has an equal claim to demand a puff, to yield to any one would be to concede a principle that, in making the paper a mere advertisement-sheet which nobody would care to see, would ruin its value as an advertiser.

Mr. White will continue his treatment of the subject; and his views both of the duty of an editor and the necessity of a stricter general regard to it, in order to deepen and purify the influence of journalism, will certainly have the support and sympathy of every journalist who respects and comprehends his profession.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

The great work which has just been finished in Egypt probably takes most of the world by surprise. The long talk about the Suez Canal had become so vague that there was something almost startling in the announcement that the work was done, and that the Emperor of Austria, the Empress of France, the Prince of Prussia, a Prince of Italy, and a multitude of smaller potentates and representatives, would take part in the ceremony of opening the canal. The real hero of the work, however, is not an emperor or king, but a French gentleman, M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, who was formerly Consul of France at Alexandria, and who then became intimate with the subsequent Viceroy, Mohammed Said. M. De Lesseps saw, what had been always evident, that a canal from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea was a short cut around the world. It would abolish the long voyage around the Cape of Good Hope, and bring India thousands of miles nearer to Europe. Napoleon, whose imagination was always excited by the East, and who dreamed of a vast Oriental empire, hoped that the old canal between the Red Sea and the Nile could be opened, but the report of his engineers asserted that the level of the Red Sea was thirty feet above that of the Mediterranean.

This statement remained unchallenged until the year 1840, when some English engineers working upon the isthmus discovered the mistake. Instantly measures were taken for a survey, which political events interrupted. But at last M. De Lesseps received authority to undertake the work, and he invited the great powers to form an International Commission to prosecute it. England, by the mouth of Lord Palmerston, resisted. That minister, who was much more British than wise, sneered at the enterprise as a bubble. But a Company was organized upon a capital of $40,000,000, of which France took $10,000,000, and in April, 1859, the work began. In May, 1861, the expenses had reached $22,567,256, and there were 20,000 laborers employed. The difficulties seemed insuperable, and the Porte offered to finish it and reimburse the previous outlay to the Company. There was a long legal discussion, which ended in the decision of Louis Napoleon to support M. De Lesseps. The Emperor made a grant to the Company of $16,800,000, and from that moment the work went steadily on. As fast as the canal was finished it was opened to traffic, and was used by the British Government to forward supplies during the Abyssinian war.

Through what disheartening difficulties M. De Lesseps has pushed his way, only those who reflect upon the circumstances can imagine. But his long night of doubt ends in a splendid morning. The consequences of his success are evident, and if any event should be celebrated with pomp, it is one that tends to break down so rapidly the barriers of distance which separate nations and retard civilization. The canal is a hundred miles long, three hundred and twenty-eight feet wide, and twenty-six feet deep; and its entire cost is $55,000,000. Already Europe is preparing to pass through it. Russia, England, France, Austria, Italy, and Spain are adapting their steamers to the canal traffic, and a commercial company is organized in the United States to trade with the East through the canal. The victory is great, and not its least part is that it undoubtedly abolishes Cape Horn, by securing a similar passage through the Isthmus of Panama.

ST. DOMINGO.

Mrs. Toodles thought that brass knockers were handy to have in the house, and that a door-plate marked Thompson with a p would be inexpressibly convenient if a daughter should chance to marry a gentleman of that name. St. Domingo is a handy island, but what do we want of it? We are virtually pledged in honor to pay the sum stipulated by treaty for St. Thomas; and the accession to our population of the few Danes there would be inconsiderable. But why add to this the population of St. Domingo, and presently, of course, the rest of the island? The population of the half of the island which is the subject of the supposed negotiations is about 160,000, and its revenue during the last year is said to have been $800,000. The Bay of Samana, which was the object that first attracted the attention of Mr. Seward, is upon the Dominican coast—a historic point, for it was from the shores of this bay that Toussaint L'Ouverture and Dessalines saw the French fleet that Napoleon had sent to reduce the islanders again to slavery—the movement that led to the most sanguinary struggle.

Whenever a political community in our neighborhood voluntarily proposes annexation to the United States the proposition should be most carefully considered, and if it be a truly spontaneous movement, should lead to some kind of alliance. But negotiations of the kind that must be presumed in the case of St. Domingo can not be regarded as spontaneous acts. The people of St. Domingo probably know and care nothing about annexation, and the authority of Baez to treat for any body but himself is very doubtful. There is no reason nor necessity in our own situation for enlarging the present domain of the United States; while to annex part of a foreign island, peopled by those who are aliens in every respect, and whose accession merely increases the ignorance and the incoherence of our own population, certainly can not be considered a stroke of wise statesmanship. Such an act neither enriches nor strengthens us. And, plainly, if we are anxious for a rapid increase of the utterly foreign element in the population, the swift current of the inevitable Chinese immigration ought to satisfy us.

Whatever treaty is made must, of course, be submitted to the Senate, and will undoubtedly be thoroughly considered by it and the country in every aspect. Meanwhile, the administration of General Grant is so entirely free from Buncomb, and its foreign policy has been so sagacious, that we can very patiently await the lifting of the veil from the St. Domingo mystery. Mr. Fish is not likely to be seduced by any chimera of manifest destiny, nor do his official fingers burn to pluck the fruit of territorial acquisition before it is fairly ripe. Still less is the Administration capable of preparing a pretext to seize a point in the West Indies to annoy or to threaten Spain. If it means war it will say war. It has no object like the extension and defense of slavery, which was the secret of the continental policy of the Democratic administrations. It desires only the enlightened prosperity and peaceful progress of the country; and we await with curiosity an argument to show that those objects will be promoted by the annexation of St. Domingo.

THE GRAIN TRADE.

The vicissitudes which attend this trade are of great interest to this country, seven-tenths of whose population are engaged in agricultural industry. From the various grain outlets of the Atlantic coast, and from San Francisco on the Pacific side of the Union, there has recently been poured into the markets of Great Britain a larger amount of wheat than at any previous time. The cable telegram has been employed in the unusual service of announcing these important receipts.

The total of wheat and flour received there from all countries in September and October was 4,000,000 cwt. in excess of the quantity imported in the same months last year. From the United States, for September alone, Great Britain received of wheat 1,423,000 cwt., and of flour 185,843 cwt., against 184,937 of wheat, and 30,674 of flour, for September, 1868.

The British returns of imports for the nine months ending September 30, 1869, are not less interesting or remarkable. They imported from the United States in that period 7,938,818 cwt. of wheat, and 968,505 cwt. of flour, against only 4,714,203 cwt. of wheat, and 500,182 cwt. of flour, for the equivalent period in 1868. We reversed positions with Russia, hitherto the largest exporters of grain to England. For the first nine months of 1869 Russia furnished 4,763,704 cwt. of wheat, although in 1868, for that period, she had forwarded 7,142,034.

But the unfortunate result to the United States is this, that although her most important competitors were crippled with the same drought which prevailed over England, the value of our shipments of wheat, for the first eight months of 1869, is stated in the foreign market at only £3,548,158, while the inferior quantity in 1868 received a valuation of £3,590,570.

Wheat has recently fallen in England, notwithstanding the need of increased imports, to a price lower than the average for several years, which is thus explained: "The flatness which has prevailed in the wheat trade of late, and the check which has recently been given to an upward movement, are due," says the Manchester *Guardian* of November 2, "to our large importations, and in a great measure to the abundance which exists in the United States."

But in the Chamber of Agriculture this reason is given: "The potatoes appear to be every where unsound, and are being forced upon the market in large quantities. This has had its invariable effect upon the grain trade, but the present depression upon the market induced by this cause will undoubtedly be followed by a reaction."

The fall in price was unquestionably due in part to the several causes mentioned; but it was also owing to the fall in gold at New York, which affected the currency price of wheat in the proportion in which gold fell. This point is beginning to be understood by those who produced their wheat at high currency prices, although they can command for the gold received from the foreigner who buys wheat only a low currency price. The principal agency for putting down the price of gold is the Treasury Department; and yet the quantity of paper currency is not diminished in the same proportion, or indeed at all. The fall in gold can not be permanent unless the paper currency is reduced to an equivalent extent—a boon scarcely to be expected from Congress at the coming session.

The circumstances were all favorable for rewarding our farming interest with remunerating prices. The Messrs. Surge of Birmingham, England, a highly respectable authority, in their grain circular of the 4th of November, say: "The accounts as to the yield of the wheat crop have become worse as threshing has progressed, and millers complain that the new wheat works weak, and that even the white sorts do not grind a good color."

The defect in potatoes and wheat is one of the effects of the drought of last year, which, although it gave to wheat some qualities which in the moist climate of England are not ordinarily imparted, yet prevented the full maturity of most vegetable products. New seed potatoes and wheat should have been used in the place of such as were immature. This caution will be more necessary next year, and particularly as to potatoes, which probably owe their tendency to disease in part to the general use of small, and consequently defective, tubers for planting.

But there are other difficulties which need to be taken into view. At a meeting of the Central Chamber of Agriculture, held on the 2d of November in London, Mr. Gardiner, of East Kent, moved "that, in the opinion of the Council, the corn averages, as at present taken, are fallacious, and that the buyers' returns should be limited to purchases from growers only." Mr. Clay, of Yorkshire, seconded the motion, and in doing so thought it right and proper for the purchasers to make the returns. "If the growers were obliged to make the returns, he was afraid that they would be more unsatisfactorily made than they were at present." The Chairman, Clare S. Reed, M.P., said that "the present averages were made up from the best samples, which frequently were published two or three times over." It may be feared if the *Gazette* averages are erroneous, that the estimates as to the quantity of grain produced, which are voluntarily made, have like defects.

It will thus be seen that in England the accuracy of important returns is impeached by the Central Chamber of Agriculture, composed of picked men; that this crop and that of the potato are defective as to quality—it has heretofore been shown to be so as to quantity; and that the price of wheat at Mark Lane is lower than the average, although a larger importation than usual for the grain year will be required. Before the condition of their present crop of wheat was known, it was supposed that over seventy millions of bushels of wheat would need to be imported between the late and succeeding harvests.

On looking at the situation in this country it will appear to be equally anomalous. The drought along the Atlantic coast, which commenced in June, continued until about the occurrence of the autumnal equinox. The rains then experienced were severe in some of the Eastern States, but light over the residue of the coast, and stock had to be fed from winter stores six or seven weeks earlier than usual. This drought affected the corn crop and the pasturage in a most serious manner; and it appears also that the corn crop in the Northwest was very light, and that, by reason of severe storms occurring in harvest-time, the wheat then being gathered was severely damaged. California, instead of having the full crop at first reported, will not have, as later and reliable estimates show, more than two-thirds.

The breaks in the canal which occurred this fall checked the transfer of wheat to the seaboard, and caused it to heat during the detention of cargoes; but yet, with the certainty of an unusual foreign demand from the United States, and of a probable inability on the part of Russia and some other grain-growing States to offer their usual competition, wheat has steadily fallen in this market. On the closing of the canals for the winter—when the stock in market and its condition may be known—the price of our exportable produce will be firmer.

The demand for currency to go to the South and West, to be used in the prosecution of their growing industries—which is still in progress—adds to the difficulty which speculators experience in carrying gold. And as no foreign country requires it from us, but, on the contrary, our bonds are taken abroad for balances, it has not been difficult to lower the price of gold, especially on the eve of shipments of cotton and grain, which must go forward in large quantities.

But it is competent for our foreign creditors to change the state of things at their pleasure, and although no immediate motive for doing so is at present apparent, we are satisfied that if that portion of the farming interest which is able to do so shall cultivate what the "Country Gentleman" calls the beneficent disposition to hold on to part of their produce, they will benefit themselves and the country.

THE CLEVELAND CONVENTION.

The Convention at Cleveland to form an American Woman's Suffrage Association is but another sign of the depth and extent of the feeling upon the subject. There has been a very general impression among the friends of the cause that it has been unnecessarily prejudiced in the public mind by a thousand follies that have been associated with it, but which have no connection with it. The foolish practice of calling a convention to discuss a grave political question, and then permitting every body to discuss every thing, has retarded and turned to ridicule the most serious efforts of the most earnest persons. Undoubtedly the action of the Cleveland Convention will tend to hold the movement strictly to its purpose. That purpose is not repudiation of the national debt, nor defeat of the Fifteenth Amendment, nor an eight-hour law, nor any thing but a removal of the political disability of women.

These subjects may all be worthy of the most careful consideration, and it may be desirable to form societies and hold meetings to agitate them and to affect public opinion; but if a free-trade convention should allow the apostles of Shakerism to occupy their time, or if the meetings to secure an eight-hours law should surrender their platform to discussions upon temperance, nothing but confusoin would ensue. Even the old Abolitionists, who seemed to think that the right of free speech meant the right of any body to say any thing at any time and any where, could not quite hold to their own rule, and finally removed by force from their meetings Father Lamson and Abby Folsom, whose freedom of speech enslaved the speech of every body else. A movement like that for the admission of women to political equality requires the most thoughtful consideration, which it certainly will not receive so long as it is incessantly associated in the public mind with the most ludicrous vagaries of folly or insanity.

The advantage of a reasonable method in presenting the subject was seen at the late meeting in Hartford. The speakers were previously invited, and they came prepared. The intention of the meeting was not general discussion, but specific presentation; and when the work was done in the manner proposed, the meeting adjourned. Any thoughtful person who read the Hartford speeches would not deny that there was more weight and reason in them than in those of any of our ordinary political conventions. Indeed, one such meeting in which intelligent women take part is in itself a powerful argument for the cause. Already the most intelligent opponents of the movement, represented in New York by the *Tribune* and the *Evening Post*, declare that women will have political equality whenever they wish for it, or whenever a majority of women ask for it. This shows, at least, an abandonment of any serious hostility, although it is not easy to say precisely what it means, unless it is a mere begging of the question by assuming that a majority of women never will ask.

What number of women, and where, are to be polled upon the subject, or what is to be considered an authentic expression of their wish, is nowhere stated. Meanwhile there is an equal reluctance or inability to mention why the political disability of one intelligent and competent citizen should depend upon the whim of another who may be both ignorant and incapable. We shall be disappointed if the Cleveland Convention does not place the question of the political equality of women distinctly and impressively before the American people.

TWO GLIMPSES OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.

The darkest picture of the condition of the Southern States since the war is that drawn by Mr. Parker Pillsbury, one of the original uncompromising abolitionists, who has lately made a journey in the South, and has written an account of his impressions for the *Independent*. Some of the Democratic papers immediately seized upon Mr. Pillsbury's testimony, as if it implied repentance of his course, and condemnation of the anti-slavery movement for disturbing the situation in the palmy days of peace and the old régime, when a seventh of the population of the country were denied every right, and reduced to brutishness, and the fundamental principles and constitutional guarantees of the government were utterly despised and outraged in half the country. But Mr. Pillsbury takes care to explain that the sad condition of the colored population at the South is directly due to slavery, and that in his opinion the Democratic party and the Church were the great bulwarks of slavery. He finds the gloomy situation, therefore—the present ruin, as he considers it, of the region he has seen—the most conclusive justification of all that he and his friends formerly said about slavery; and were the work of agitation to be done over again, he would speak still more strongly—and Mr. Pillsbury's voice was never weak—of the accursed system that dishonored the nation, caused the war, and almost hopelessly degraded its victims. The Democratic supporters of the good old system of slavery will not be much comforted by Mr. Parker Pillsbury.

Bad as the situation is, and ignorant and squalid as the Southern colored people are, yet, considering the terrible tragedy of their late condition, Mr. Pillsbury considers it highly complimentary to human nature that they are not worse than they are. In a word, Mr. Pillsbury thinks that the old relation of the races substantially continues at the South. The Northern settlers, he says, are generally of a poor kind. They despise the colored population as much as the old slave-masters. Labor is as disreputable as ever, and the colored people are forced to work for wages that forbid the least improvement of their condition, or to starve. Drunkenness is apparently universal; and Mr. Pillsbury remarks that "private virtue among public men is not looked for, not expected, not even desired." But he adds: "And this is as true here in Washington as farther south or farther north." Of course, all this must be taken as a very rapid and a very rough generalization. But it is useful as showing how much is to be done in the Southern States before they will be in any degree upon the general level of civilization with the rest of the country. Mr. Pillsbury finds the one ground of hope, as every reflecting person finds it, in the schools. And it is interesting to consider, with his dismal description of the general condition, the facts just presented in the report of Mr. J. W. Alvord, the General Superintendent of Schools among the Freedmen.

The whole number of day and night an Sabbath schools among the freedmen, either regularly reported to the Superintendent or known by him, is 4424; the total number of teachers is 9503; and of pupils of all kinds, 256,353. This is the largest result yet reached, and is a decided increase upon the corresponding six months of the last year. In the schools regularly reported the whole number of pupils is 204,253, of which 192,227 were slaves before the war. The whole number of schools regularly reported is 3314, and of these the freedmen sustained wholly or in part 1581, and are the owners of 759 of the buildings in which the schools are held; while the Bureau furnishes but 772. Most of the schools are conducted upon the most approved system, and of the advanced schools 312 are reported as graded. In Virginia, money from the Peabody fund has assisted the colored schools; and Virginia has in the new Constitution provision for free public schools, which, in the judgment of the Commissioner, should be her safety and her pride. Within the year there has been in Virginia a gain of 50 schools, owned by the freedmen alone. In North Carolina there has been a gain of 58 schools and 25 Sabbath-schools, with 3209 pupils. In Georgia there is a gain of 105 schools and 4527 pupils. In Mississippi there is a gain of 67 schools and 2973 pupils. In Tennessee there is a gain of 65 schools and 4343 pupils. South Carolina, Florida, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas all show improvement; but Alabama lags. Kentucky has been thoroughly canvassed, and the prospects of the schools are most encouraging.

This picture, if not too rosy—and there is no reason to suppose that it is so—is a very agreeble companion to that of Mr. Pillsbury. The teachers in these schools, modest, diligent, unknown, are doing more to secure the results won in the field, and to renew the Union upon eternal foundations, than any other class of persons in the country. Indeed, the free schools are the great bulwark of a popular government. There is no interest so vital to the general welfare; and it is of the last importance that they be multiplied and extended every where, and diligently guarded from the fatal touch of sectarian ecclestiastical influence.

METROPOLITAN ART MUSEUM.

The Art Committee of the Union League Club recently invited Professor Comfort, of Princeton, to deliver an address upon the general subject of Museums of Art, in the hope of so interesting the public in the subject that a metropolitan museum may be established in New York. Mr. Bryant, always associated with humane and æsthetic movements, consented to preside at the meeting, and the selection of the orator was especially fortunate, as Professor Comfort has carefully studied in Europe the subject which he was asked to discuss.

It is a little remarkable that, with the inclination of rich men among us to devote their wealth to public advantage, and to buy pictures, there has as yet been no great public gallery founded that should rank with the Astor Library. It is not indeed easy to buy the pictures of the famous old masters; but a great museum contemplates not only pictures, but every form of the fine arts—sculpture, mosaics, bronzes, vases. Indeed, there is one kind of collection which is peculiarly practicable for an American gallery. If the best pictures can be but slowly procured, the finest statues in the world are accessible to us in casts, and casts are copies so perfect that they reproduce the originals. Whoever remembers the Dresden collection of casts will perceive what is possible in New York.

But there is another class of objects in such a museum which would be of the highest immediate practical value. A complete collection of the smaller remains of art, as they are called, would show us the important truth which is wholly forgotten in this country, but toward the perception of which criticism indicates a reaction, that the highest art is not truly for ornament, but for use. A masterly and delightful exposition of this fact was made by the late Cardinal Wiseman, in England, in a lecture delivered some years ago, which has been recently republished here by the friendly care and interest of Miss E. P. Peabody. The Cardinal called his discourse the Identity of the Artist and the Artisan; and in a series of historical illustrations, most felicitously drawn, he showed that the really great artists not only designed, but personally wrought their finest works, and that many of the most celebrated objects of art were strictly objects of common use.

The Cardinal imagines a museum of art amply stored with the most precious remains—statues, mosaics, urns, utensils of every kind, which we rail off and protect under glass. Let us suppose these all to have been owned by one rich man two thousand years ago in Italy, and now to be restored to him. He would scatter them all to their proper places: this to the garden, that to the kitchen, the other to the chamber and the dressing-room, the mosaic to the vestibule, and the whole museum of what is to us a multitude of things to be admired would disappear into a variety of conveniences to be used.

Or again, here are exquisite objects from Herculaneum and Pompeii. They were, of course, the most common, the most familiar articles in the houses; which we infer from the fact that none others are found, and that, if there were time to escape with any treasures, the most valuable would have been taken and the most common left. They seem to us, as we look at them, so graceful, so beautiful, that we preserve them for admiration in galleries, or place them for the ornament of our noblest rooms. Suppose now that New York should be suddenly buried in the mud of the streets, as will very probably happen, and as Pompeii was lost in the ashes and lava of Vesuvius. Then suppose that, after two thousand years, curious antiquarians from the most enlightened of nations then existing dig out our kitchens and closets, and are so captivated with the grace and charm of our pots and pans, and cups and glasses, that they bear them away delighted—not merely as curious relics of an extinct people, but as objects of imperishable beauty. Should we not, if we were there to reflect, wonder what must be the æsthetic condition of a people who thought our kettles and tureens so beautiful that they must be preserved for admiration? And if so, what must the Pompeiian think of the New Yorker of to-day?

The young man who is longing to become an artist, but who does not dream that the house painter and the wall decorator are entitled to that name, should not only recall Benvenuto Cellini and Luca della Robbia, but should piously remember that the most famous works of Raphael were painting and decoration of ceilings and wall hangings. Some of his most exquisite labor was imitation of the older and forgotten art of decoration in the Golden House of Nero. Go, young seeker, study the *Stanze* of Raphael in the Vatican, and the frescoes of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, the Etruscan vases and the Pompeiian lamps, and remember that art is not only a pretty patch upon daily life, but an integral part of it. If the admirable efforts of Professor Comfort and the gentlemen of the Art Committee shall result in founding an ample museum which shall serve to remind us that the high office of art is to make use beautiful, they will deserve more gratitude than if they had found a new gold mine, or had annexed a foreign island to their country.

NOTES.

Attorney-General Hoar has written a plain and sensible letter to Hon. E. G. Spaulding, whose "Financial History of the War" we recently commended; in which he says, that "we should have treated the currency as we did our armies, regarding the volunteers and the greenbacks alike as necessities of war, to be dispensed with as fast as possible on the return of peace." The only way to treat the subject, in his view, is a steady and persistent contraction—a painful process, but one which delay does not make less painful. In the clouds and whirlwinds of speculation upon the subject of a return to specie payments one thing only is clear, that no plan will ever be generally approved in advance. The Secretary of the Treasury must proceed upon his own responsibility, and trust to the ultimate success of his policy, whatever it may be, to compel the approval of the country.

Mr. Ezra Cornell has given the use of some land at Ithaca for a horticultural school for girls, to be directed by Miss Marwedel, formerly Principal of the School of Industry for girls at Hamburg. Mr. Andrew S. Fuller, of New York, has also promised to give seeds and plants. The school is to be co-operative, with a capital of fifteen thousand dollars in shares of five dollars each, upon which no more than five per cent. dividend will ever be declared; all other profits being devoted to the school or to pay back the capital. The purpose of the school is the instruction of girls in the culture of fruits, flowers, and vegetables, and perhaps the care of bees. The course of study will include botany, the propagation and culture of plants, agricultural chemistry and economy, hygiene, practical drawing, one or more foreign languages, housekeeping, and needle-work. In fact, it is to be a school in which the intention will be to accomplish girls to help themselves. A course of two or three years will be necessary to secure a diploma. The admission-fee will be ten dollars; the instruction will be free; board to be paid by work. The work must depend, of course, upon the subscription to the moderate capital, which will be received by Mrs. Horace Mann, Cambridge; Mr. Cornell, Ithaca; the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Boston; A. S. Fuller or A. M. Powell, New York.

The Duke of Genoa, who is in danger of becoming King of Spain, is a boy of fifteen, the son of the late Duke, who died in 1855, and the nephew of Victor Emanuel. He is now a pupil of Matthew Arnold in England, and, it is understood, has replied to the offer of the Spanish crown that he will accept it only if the Cortes elect him by a majority of two-thirds. There is evidently some serious opposition to his election, although he has a very numerous support. If Spain must have a king, however, it is certainly foolish to choose a minor. It is a great pity that a nation which in this age wants a king should not select a mature and real one.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The official returns from New York State show Nelson's majority to be 20,566. The total vote is only 641,196, showing a falling off of 208,334 compared with that of last year. The Republican decrease is 109,078; Democratic decrease, 99,476.

The Judiciary article of the new Constitution of New York State was adopted by over 5000 majority in the recent election.

The Alabama Legislature has ratified the Fifteenth Amendment to the National Constitution. The vote in the Senate was—yeas 24, nays none; in the House—yeas 69, nays 16.

Both Houses of the Tennessee Legislature have rejected the Fifteenth Amendment.

The expenditures of the Freedmen's Bureau from January 1, 1865, to August 31, 1869, were $11,249,028.

The rapid increase of the army pension list is forcibly shown in the report of Treasurer Spinner just completed. The following are the actual payments for the past seven fiscal years: 1863, $932,886 29; 1864, $4,902,651 01; 1865, $9,191,870 02; 1866, $13,483,665 19; 1867, $19,448,088 69; 1868, $23,987,469 14; 1869, $28,623,650 47.

The gale of November 16-17 was very destructive in the Northwest. The crew of the schooner *Arrow*, eight in number, was lost in attempting to reach the shore fifteen miles north of Chicago.

A new building at St. Louis was blown down on the morning of November 19, and thirteen workmen were buried under the ruins.

A recent fire at Fort Sully, Dacotah, destroyed $1,000,000 worth of government property.

During an entertainment in the Gaiety Theatre, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on the night of November 15, the scenery was set on fire by a kerosene lamp, which was shattered by the rapier of one of the actors in a fencing scene. The flames spread so rapidly that before the audience could escape the whole interior was in flames, and many were compelled to jump from the windows of the second story. The bodies of two persons were discovered in the ruins. Fifteen or twenty persons were badly injured.

FOREIGN NEWS.

It is said that, together with M. Ollivier, two other members of the Third Party are to enter the French Ministry; but the *Journal Officiel* denies that any changes are contemplated.

The supplementary elections for the Corps Legislatif in Paris began on November 21 without disturbance.

The nomination of the Duke of Genoa to the Spanish throne has received the support of 161 Deputies to the Cortes. It is reported that the Spanish Government is considering a proposition to establish a penal colony on one of the Spanish islands in the Pacific Ocean. The journals advocate the measure on the ground that the completion of the Pacific Railroad across the American continent will facilitate commercial relations between Spain and her possessions in the Pacific, whose resources may be developed by colonization.

A constitution for Porto Rico, declaring the island a Spanish province, permitting public meetings in the presence of the authorities, but forbidding the discussion of the slavery question, has been submitted to the Cortes.

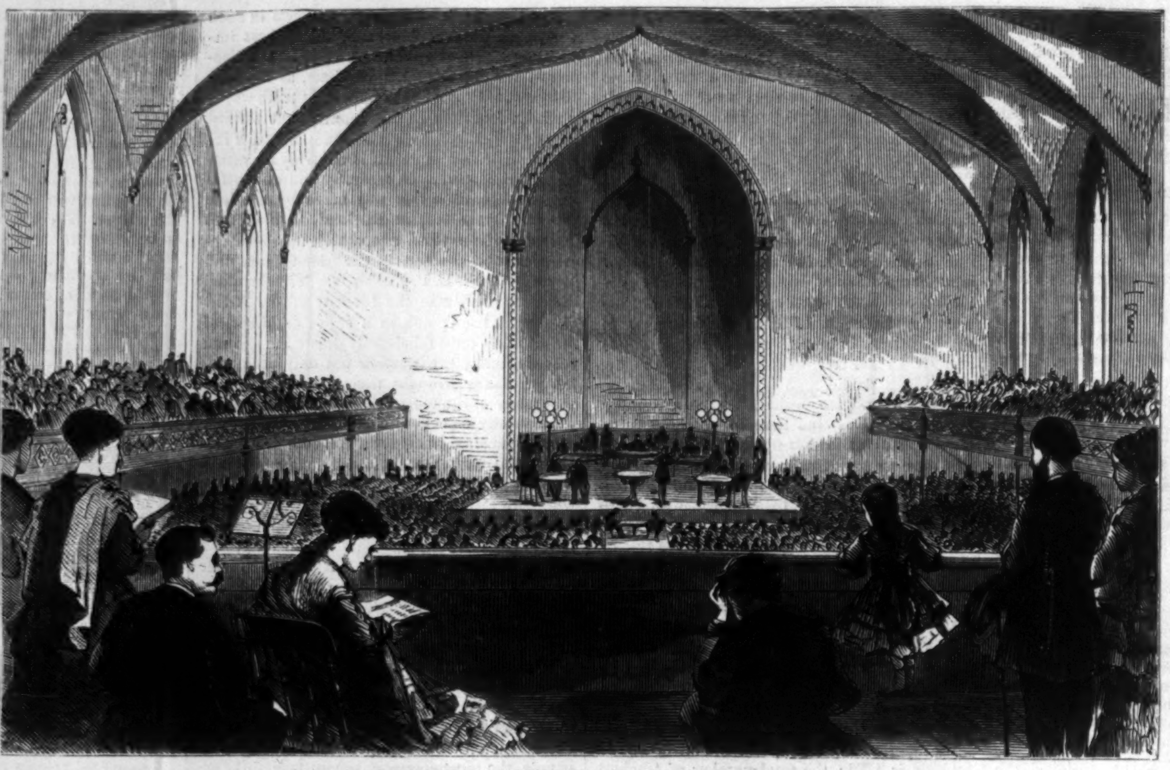
The international sculling match between Walter Brown, of Portland, Maine, and J. H. Sadler, of London, took place on the Tyne, at Newcastle, on November 19. Brown won by two lengths.

Telegrams from Ismailia, on the Suez Canal, dated November 17, announce the arrival at that point of the procession of vessels, headed by the Empress Eugénie's yacht *L'Aigle*, after passing through the first part of the canal. At the shallowest part the depth is said to be nineteen feet, and varies generally from twenty-five to thirty feet in other portions. The entire fleet sailed for Suez—the Red Sea terminus—November 19, the *Aigle* leading. On the evening of the 18th there were at the Ismailia station forty-seven sea-going ships, with an average tonnage of one thousand tons each. The largest vessel of the fleet was a Russian frigate, which drew seventeen feet and two inches of water. The buildings in Ismailia were filled with guests and other visitors, and the surrounding plains were covered with the tents of the native tribes, who were assembled in immense numbers. On that evening M. De Lesseps gave a banquet to representatives of the Chambers of Commerce, members of the press, and others. A statue of M. De Lesseps is to be erected at Port Said.

According to the latest accounts from Paraguay President Lopez had transferred his head-quarters and seat of government to San Joaquin. It was reported that Lopez had killed his mother, one of his brothers, and other persons, in consequence of his suspicion that they were engaged in a conspiracy against his life. The allies had as yet made no movement, and it was supposed that active operations would be still longer deferred.

Dr. David Livingstone's recent African discoveries lead him to believe that the Nile's chief sources rise between ten degrees and twelve degrees south latitude, or 400 miles southward of the more southern part of the Victoria Nyanza. His finding of a chain of lakes connected by rivers far to the south of Lake Tanganyika has encouraged him in this view, the further realization of which will, as Dr. Livingstone promises, and as Sir Roderick Murchison believes, settle the question of the final sources of that mysterious river.

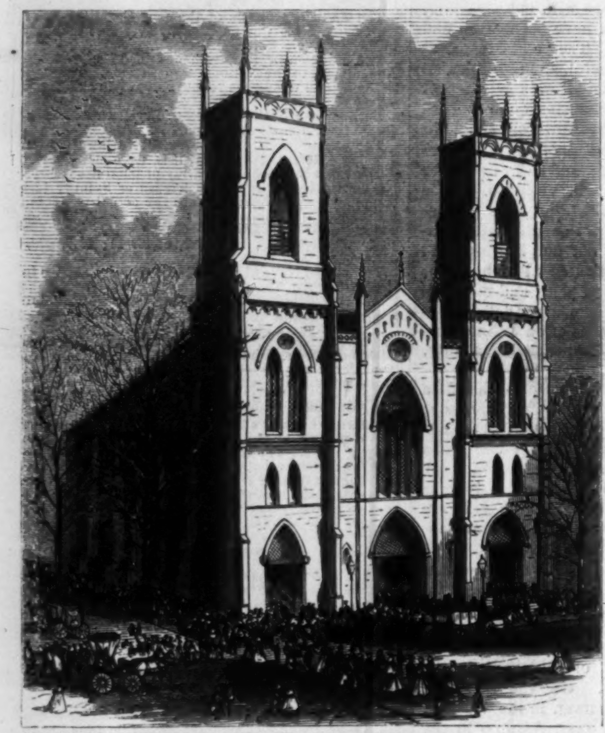
THE PRESBYTERIAN UNION AT PITTSBURG.



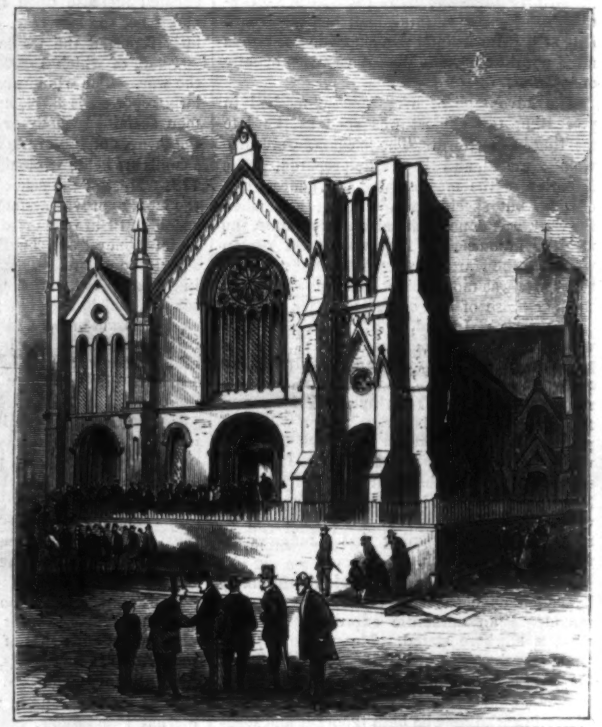
UNION OF THE OLD AND NEW SCHOOL PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLIES AT PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, NOVEMBER 12, 1869.—INTERIOR OF FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, SHOWING THE OLD SCHOOL ASSEMBLY IN SESSION.

THE grandest and most sublime spectacle ever witnessed in the ecclesiastical history of America transpired in Pittsburg on Friday, the 12th of this month. The disastrous division, which took place in 1837, of the Presbyterian Church in this country was brought to a close, and a happy reunion cemented on that day. At the meetings of the two General Assemblies held in New York last May—that of the Old School in the Brick Church on Fifth Avenue, and that of the New School in the Church of the Covenant on Park Avenue—the joint Committee of Conference presented simultaneously to the two bodies a basis of union to be sent down to the various presbyteries of both Assemblies, to be acted upon before the 1st of November. The Assemblies then adjourned, to meet in Pittsburg November 10, to hear the result of this action; and if two-thirds of the presbyteries of each Assembly should have been found to consent to it, a union should then be ratified, and the great bodies become one. The feature of this basis of union, to which each presbytery was required to give a categorical reply, was in the following words: "Do you approve of the reunion of the two bodies now claiming the name and rights of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, on the following basis, viz.: The reunion shall be effected on the doctrinal and ecclesiastical basis of our common standards. The Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments shall be acknowledged to be the inspired Word of God, and the only infallible rule of faith and practice; the confession of Faith shall continue to be sincerely received and adopted as containing the system of doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures; and the government and discipline of the Presbyterian Church in the United States shall be approved as containing the principles and rules of our Polity."

To this overture, sent to the presbyteries, it was found that more than two-thirds—the constitutional number required—had given their consent; and at each of the Assemblies in Pittsburg the result was announced simultaneously, in the following words, viz.: "This Assembly, having received and examined the statements of the several presbyteries on the basis of the reunion of the two bodies now claiming the name and rights of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, do hereby find and declare that the said basis of reunion has been approved by more than two-thirds of the presbyteries connected with each branch of the Church. Now, therefore, we do solemnly declare that said basis of union is of binding force."



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, (O. S.), PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.



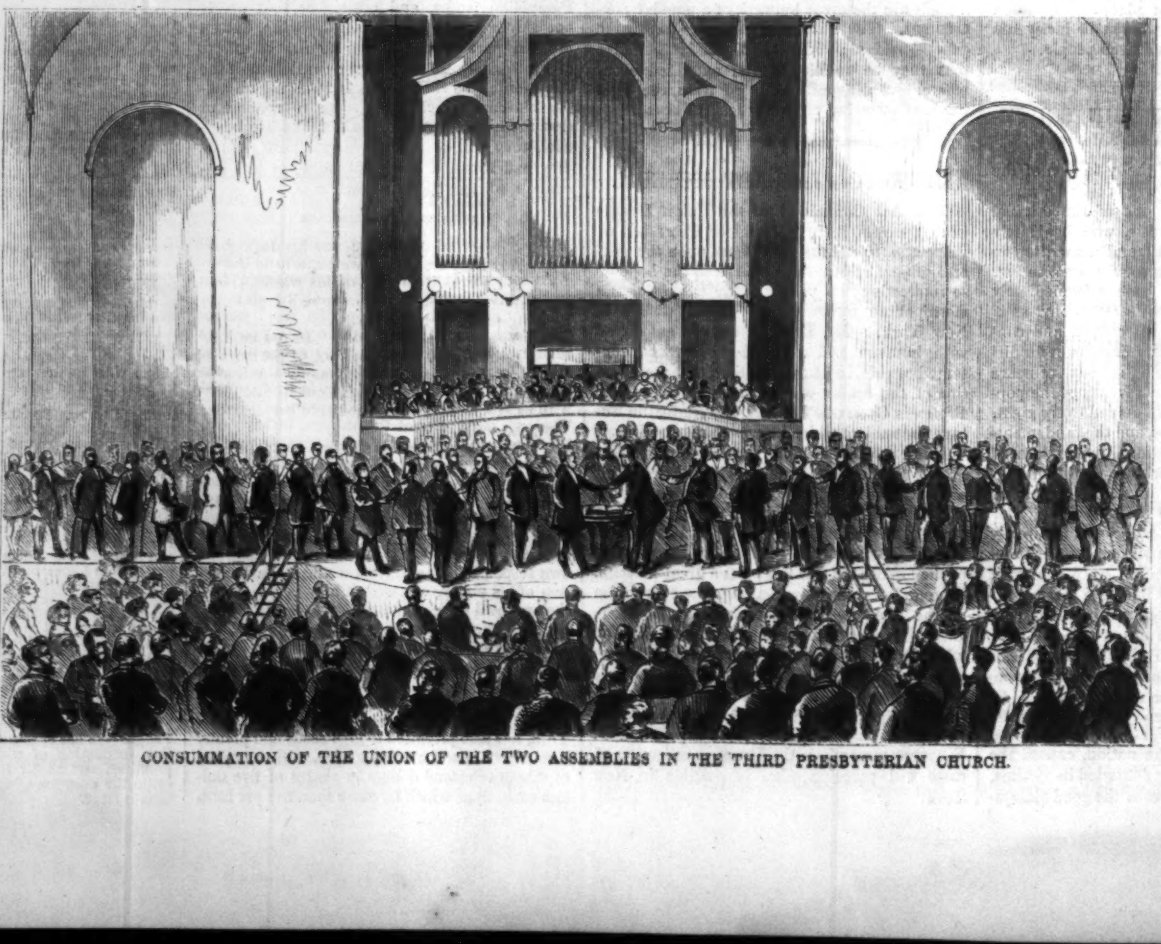
THIRD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, (N. S.), PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

Thus was healed a breach that commenced in bitterness thirty-two years ago, and the two bodies, long separated, were again made one. The significance of this action may be seen by looking at the strength of each Church. The Old School branch embraces 142 presbyteries, 2737 churches, 2330 ministers, and 252,555 communicants. The New School branch, 113 presbyteries, 1500 churches, 1800 ministers, 184,687 communicants. United, as they now are, they present an ecclesiastical body having 49 synods, 255 presbyteries, 4327 churches, 4130 ministers, and 437,242 communicants. During the last year these bodies contributed, for the support of public worship, $5,782,950, and gave to various benevolent operations the amount of nearly $1,000,000, making an aggregate of over six millions and a half.

The united Church will immediately organize its forces anew, and use every effort to extend its work and influence. A resolution passed the united body to proceed at once to the raising of $5,000,000 as a thank-offering, to be employed in extending the Church.

The ceremonies on the 12th were very impressive. The New School Assembly proceeded in a body from the Third Presbyterian Church to the First Presbyterian Church, where the Old School Assembly had held its sessions. There the two Assemblies met and formed a procession, the two Moderators leading arm in arm, and each Old School delegate walking arm in arm with one of the New School. This procession, numbering about 1000, moved down Wood Street, Fifth Avenue, Smithfield Street, and Sixth Avenue, to the Third Church. The entire city appeared to have poured forth into the streets to witness this unusual spectacle.

The church was soon filled to its utmost capacity. The Moderators—Rev. Dr. JACOBUS, O. S., and Rev. Dr. FOWLER, N. S.—took their places on the centre of the platform, facing the audience, surrounded by the most eminent men of both bodies. Such a meeting had never been assembled in America. Amidst the abundant pledges of affection and co-operation, old men fell into each other's arms and wept; sobs were audible all over the house; and every sentiment uttered was followed with enthusiastic applause. The year of jubilee seemed actually to have come when the two Moderators arose and clasped each other's hands, as a symbolic expression of the union just consummated. Their example was followed by all the members. Hands were every where linked together, and a burst of praise broke forth, like the rushing of many waters, from more than two thousand throats. Addresses were made by the two Moderators, also by Drs. ADAMS, MUSGRAVE, FISHER, and by Hon. WILLIAM E. DODGE and GEORGE H. STUART. The services, interspersed with hymns and prayers, continued for four hours. At 3 o'clock P.M. the meeting was dissolved. May it not be hoped that the example thus shown in the union of the two great bodies of the Presbyterian Church of America will be followed by other Evangelical bodies, until the Protestant Churches of our country shall be a grand unit in spirit if not in ecclesiastical organization.



CONSUMMATION OF THE UNION OF THE TWO ASSEMBLIES IN THE THIRD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE DISCOVERIES.

BUT two persons were now left in the summer-house—Arnold Brinkworth, and Sir Patrick Lundie.

"Mr. Brinkworth," said the old gentleman, "I have had no opportunity of speaking to you before this; and (as I hear that you are to leave us to-day) I may find no opportunity at a later time. I want to introduce myself. Your father was one of my dearest friends—let me make a friend of your father's son."

He held out his hand, and mentioned his name. Arnold recognized it directly. "Oh, Sir Patrick!" he said, warmly, "if my poor father had only taken your advice—"

"He would have thought twice before he gambled away his fortune on the turf; and he might have been alive here among us, instead of dying an exile in a foreign land," said Sir Patrick, finishing the sentence which the other had begun. "No more of that! Let's talk of something else. Lady Lundie wrote to me about you the other day. She told me your aunt was dead, and had left you heir to her property in Scotland. Is that true?—It is?—I congratulate you with all my heart. Why are you visiting here, instead of looking after your house and lands? Oh! it's only three-and-twenty miles from this; and you're going to look after it to-day, by the next train? Quite right. And—what? what?—coming back again the day after to-morrow? Why should you come back? Some special attraction here, I suppose? I hope it's the right sort of attraction. You're very young—you're exposed to all sorts of temptations. Have you got a solid foundation of good sense at the bottom of you? It is not inherited from your poor father, if you have. You must have been a mere boy when he ruined his children's prospects. How have you lived from that time to this? What were you doing when your aunt's will made an idle man of you for life?"

The question was a searching one. Arnold answered it, without the slightest hesitation; speaking with an unaffected modesty and simplicity which at once won Sir Patrick's heart.

"I was a boy at Eton, Sir," he said, "when my father's losses ruined him. I had to leave school, and get my own living—and I have got it, in a roughish way, from that time to this. In plain English, I have followed the sea—in the merchant-service."

"In plainer English still, you met adversity like a brave lad, and you have fairly earned the good luck that has fallen to you," rejoined Sir Patrick. "Give me your hand—I have taken a liking to you. You're not like the other young fellows of the present time. I shall call you 'Arnold.' You musn't return the compliment, and call me 'Patrick,' mind—I'm too old to be treated in that way. Well, and how do you get on here? What sort of a woman is my sister-in-law? and what sort of a house is this?"

Arnold burst out laughing.

"Those are extraordinary questions for you to put to me," he said. "You talk, Sir, as if you were a stranger here!"

Sir Patrick touched a spring in the knob of his ivory cane. A little gold lid flew up, and disclosed the snuff-box hidden inside. He took a pinch, and chuckled satirically over some passing thought, which he did not think it necessary to communicate to his young friend.

"I talk as if I was a stranger here, do I?" he resumed. "That's exactly what I am. Lady Lundie and I correspond on excellent terms; but we run in different grooves, and we see each other as seldom as possible. My story," continued the pleasant old man, with a charming frankness which leveled all differences of age and rank between Arnold and himself, "is not entirely unlike yours; though I *am* old enough to be your grandfather. I was getting my living, in *my* way (as a crusty old Scotch lawyer), when my brother married again. His death, without leaving a son by either of his wives, gave *me* a lift in the world, like you. Here I am (to my own sincere regret) the present baronet. Yes, to my sincere regret! All sorts of responsibilities which I never bargained for are thrust on my shoulders. I am the head of the family; I am my niece's guardian; I am compelled to appear at this lawn-party—and (between ourselves) I am as completely out of my element as a man can be. Not a single familiar face meets *me* among all these fine people. Do *you* know any body here?"

"I have one friend at Windygates," said Arnold. "He came here this morning, like you. Geoffrey Delamayn."

As he made the reply, Miss Silvester appeared at the entrance to the summer-house. A shadow of annoyance passed over her face when she saw that the place was occupied. She vanished, unnoticed, and glided back to the game.

Sir Patrick looked at the son of his old friend, with every appearance of being disappointed in the young man for the first time.

"Your choice of a friend rather surprises me," he said.

Arnold artlessly accepted the words as an appeal to him for information.

"I beg your pardon, Sir—there's nothing surprising in it," he returned. "We were school-fellows at Eton, in the old times. And I have met Geoffrey since, when he was yachting, and when I was with my ship. Geoffrey saved my life, Sir Patrick," he added, his voice rising and his eyes brightening with honest admiration of his friend. "But for him, I should have been drowned in a boat-accident. Isn't *that* a good reason for his being a friend of mine?"

"It depends entirely on the value you set on your life," said Sir Patrick.

"The value I set on my life?" repeated Arnold. "I set a high value on it, of course!"

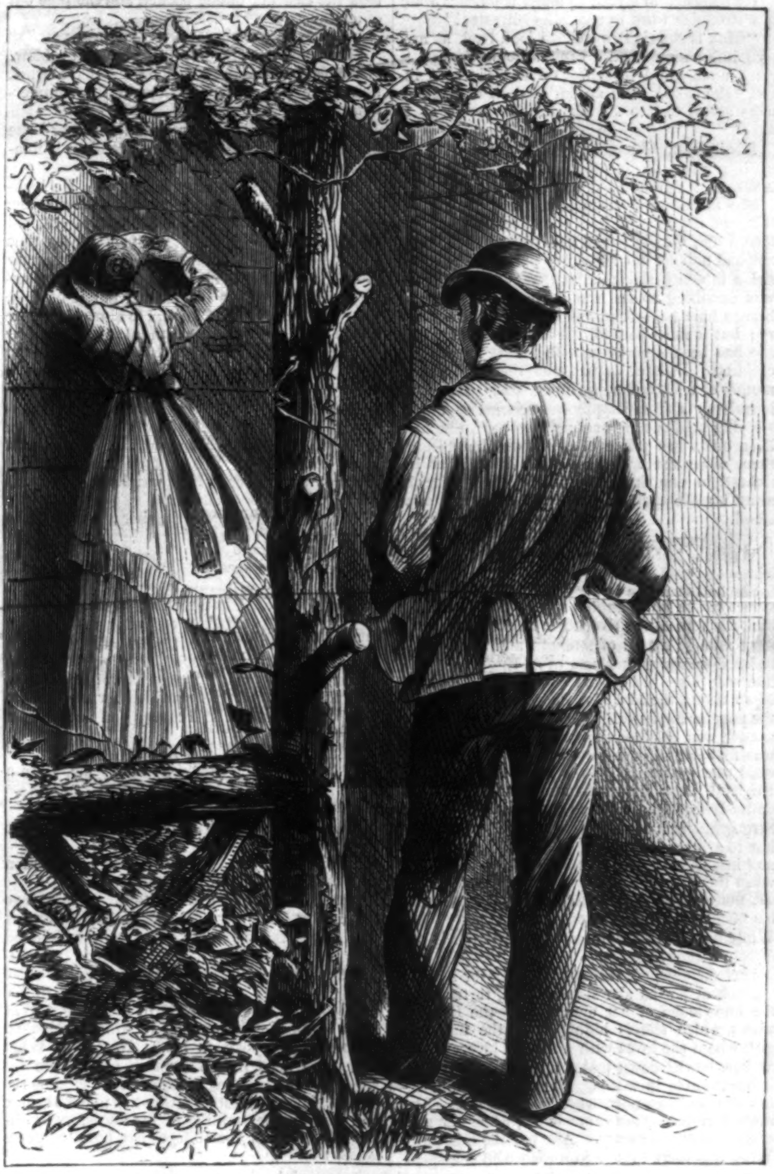
"In that case, Mr. Delamayn has laid you under an obligation."

"Which I can never repay!"

"Which you will repay one of these days, with interest—if I know any thing of human nature," answered Sir Patrick.

He said the words with the emphasis of strong conviction. They were barely spoken when Mr. Delamayn appeared (exactly as Miss Silvester had appeared) at the entrance to the summer-house. He, too, vanished, unnoticed—like Miss Silvester again. But there the parallel stopped. The Honorable Geoffrey's expression, on discovering the place to be occupied, was, unmistakably, an expression of relief.

Arnold drew the right inference, this time, from Sir Patrick's language and Sir Patrick's tones. He eagerly took up the defense of his friend.



"THE MAN WAS GEOFFREY DELAMAYN."

"You said that rather bitterly, Sir," he remarked. "What has Geoffrey done to offend you?"

"He presumes to exist—that's what he has done," retorted Sir Patrick. "Don't stare! I am speaking generally. Your friend is the model young Briton of the present time. I don't like the model young Briton. I don't see the sense of crowing over him as a superb national production, because he is big and strong, and drinks beer with impunity, and takes a cold shower-bath all the year round. There is far too much glorification in England, just now, of the mere physical qualities which an Englishman shares with the savage and the brute. And the ill results are beginning to show themselves already! We are readier than we ever were to practice all that is rough in our national customs, and to excuse all that is violent and brutish in our national acts. Read the popular books; attend the popular amusements—and you will find at the bottom of them all a lessening regard for the gentler graces of civilized life, and a growing admiration for the virtues of the aboriginal Britons!"

Arnold listened in blank amazement. He had been the innocent means of relieving Sir Patrick's mind of an accumulation of social protest, unprovided with an issue for some time past. "How hot you are over it, Sir!" he exclaimed, in irrepressible astonishment.

Sir Patrick instantly recovered himself. The genuine wonder expressed in the young man's face was irresistible.

"Almost as hot," he said, "as if I was cheering at a boat-race, or wrangling over a betting-book—eh? Ah, we were so easily heated when I was a young man! Let's change the subject. I know nothing to the prejudice of your friend, Mr. Delamayn. It's the cant of the day," cried Sir Patrick, relapsing again, "to take these physically-wholesome men for granted as being morally-wholesome men into the bargain. Time will show whether the cant of the day is right. —So you are actually coming back to Lady Lundie's after a mere flying visit to your own property? I repeat, that is a most extraordinary proceeding on the part of a landed gentleman like you. What's the attraction here—eh?"

Before Arnold could reply Blanche called to him from the lawn. His color rose, and he turned eagerly to go out. Sir Patrick nodded his head with the air of a man who had been answered to his own entire satisfaction. "Oh!" he said, "*that's* the attraction, is it?"

Arnold's life at sea had left him singularly ignorant of the ways of the world on shore. Instead of taking the joke, he looked confused. A deeper tinge of color reddened his dark cheeks. "I didn't say so," he answered, a little irritably.

Sir Patrick lifted two of his white, wrinkled old fingers, and good-humoredly patted the young sailor on the cheek.

"Yes you did," he said. "In red letters."

The little gold lid in the knob of the ivory cane flew up—and the old gentleman rewarded himself for that neat retort with a pinch of snuff. At the same moment Blanche made her appearance on the scene.

"Mr. Brinkworth," she said, "I shall want you directly. Uncle, it's your turn to play."

"Bless my soul!" cried Sir Patrick, "I forgot the game." He looked about him, and saw his mallet and ball left waiting on the table. "Where are the modern substitutes for conversation? Oh, here they are!" He bowled the ball out before him on to the lawn, and tucked the mallet, as if it was an umbrella, under his arm. "Who was the first mistaken person," he said to himself, as he briskly hobbled out, "who discovered that human life was a serious thing? Here am I, with one foot in the grave; and the most serious question before me at the present moment is, Shall I get through the Hoops?"

Arnold and Blanche were left together.

Among the personal privileges which Nature has accorded to women, there are surely none more enviable than their privilege of always looking their best when they look at the man they love. When Blanche's eyes turned on Arnold, after her uncle had gone out, not even the hideous fashionable disfigurements of the inflated "chignon" and the tilted hat could destroy the triple charm of youth, beauty, and tenderness beaming in her face. Arnold looked at her—and remembered, as he had never remembered yet, that he was going by the next train, and that he was leaving her in the society of more than one admiring man of his own age. The experience of a whole fortnight passed under the same roof with her had proved Blanche to be the most charming girl in existence. It was possible that she might not be mortally offended with him if he told her so. He determined that he *would* tell her so at that auspicious moment.

But who shall presume to measure the abyss that lies between the Intention and the Execution? Arnold's resolution to speak was as firmly settled as a resolution could be. And what came of it? Alas for human infirmity! Nothing came of it but silence.

"You don't look quite at your ease, Mr. Brinkworth," said Blanche. "What has Sir Patrick been saying to you? My uncle sharpens his wit on every body. He has been sharpening it on *you?*"

Arnold began to see his way. At an immeasurable distance—but still he saw it.

"Sir Patrick is a terrible old man," he answered. "Just before you came in he discovered one of my secrets by only looking in my face." He paused, rallied his courage, pushed on at all hazards, and came headlong to the point. "I wonder," he asked, bluntly, "whether you take after your uncle?"

Blanche instantly understood him. With time at her disposal, she would have taken him lightly in hand, and led him, by fine gradations, to the object in view. But in two minutes or less it would be Arnold's turn to play. "He is going to make me an offer," thought Blanche; "and he has about a minute to do it in. He *shall* do it!"

"What!" she exclaimed, "do you think the gift of discovery runs in the family?"

Arnold made a plunge.

"I wish it did!" he said.

Blanche looked the picture of astonishment.

"Why?" she asked.

"If you could see in my face what Sir Patrick saw—"

He had only to finish the sentence, and the thing was done. But the tender passion perversely delights in raising obstacles to itself. A sudden timidity seized on Arnold exactly at the wrong moment. He stopped short, in the most awkward manner possible.

Blanche heard from the lawn the blow of the mallet on the ball, and the laughter of the company at some blunder of Sir Patrick's. The precious seconds were slipping away. She could have boxed Arnold on both ears for being so unreasonably afraid of her.

"Well," she said, impatiently, "if I did look in your face, what should I see?"

Arnold made another plunge. He answered: "You would see that I want a little encouragement."

"From *me?*"

"Yes—if you please."

Blanche looked back over her shoulder. The summer-house stood on an eminence, approached by steps. The players on the lawn beneath were audible, but not visible. Any one of them might appear, unexpectedly, at a moment's notice. Blanche listened. There was no sound of approaching footsteps—there was a general hush, and then another bang of the mallet on the ball, and then a clapping of hands. Sir Patrick was a privileged person. He had been allowed, in all probability, to try again; and he was succeeding at the second effort. This implied a reprieve of some seconds. Blanche looked back again at Arnold.

"Consider yourself encouraged," she whispered—and instantly added, with the ineradicable female instinct of self-defense, "within limits!"

Arnold made a last plunge—straight to the bottom, this time.

"Consider yourself loved," he burst out, "without any limits at all."

It was all over—the words were spoken—he had got her by the hand. Again the perversity of the tender passion showed itself more strongly than ever. The confession which Blanche had been longing to hear, had barely escaped her lover's lips before Blanche protested against it! She struggled to release her hand. She formally appealed to Arnold to let her go.

Arnold only held her the tighter.

"Do try to like me a little!" he pleaded. "I am so fond of *you!*"

Who was to resist such wooing as this?—when you were privately fond of him yourself, remember! and when you were certain to be interrupted in another moment! Blanche left off struggling, and looked up at her young sailor with a smile.

"Did you learn this method of making love in the merchant-service?" she inquired, saucily.

Arnold persisted in contemplating his prospects from the serious point of view.

"I'll go back to the merchant-service," he said, "if I have made you angry with me."

Blanche administered another dose of encouragement.

"Anger, Mr. Brinkworth, is one of the bad passions," she answered, demurely. "A young lady who has been properly brought up has no bad passions."

There was a sudden cry from the players on the lawn—a cry for "Mr. Brinkworth." Blanche tried to push him out. Arnold was immovable.

"Say something to encourage me before I go," he pleaded. "One word will do. Say, Yes."

Blanche shook her head. Now she had got

him, the temptation to tease him was irresistible.

"Quite impossible!" she rejoined. "If you want any more encouragement, you must speak to my uncle."

"I'll speak to him," returned Arnold, "before I leave the house."

There was another cry for "Mr. Brinkworth." Blanche made another effort to push him out.

"Go!" she said. "And mind you get through the hoop!"

She had both hands on his shoulders—her face was close to his—she was simply irresistible. Arnold caught her round the waist and kissed her. Needless to tell him to get through the hoop. He had surely got through it already! Blanche was speechless. Arnold's last effort in the art of courtship had taken away her breath. Before she could recover herself a sound of approaching footsteps became plainly audible. Arnold gave her a last squeeze, and ran out.

She sank on the nearest chair, and closed her eyes in a flutter of delicious confusion.

The footsteps ascending to the summer-house came nearer. Blanche opened her eyes, and saw Anne Silvester, standing alone, looking at her. She sprang to her feet, and threw her arms impulsively round Anne's neck.

"You don't know what has happened," she whispered. "Wish me joy, darling. He has said the words. He is mine for life!"

All the sisterly love and sisterly confidence of many years was expressed in that embrace, and in the tone in which the words were spoken. The hearts of the mothers, in the past time, could hardly have been closer to each other—as it seemed—than the hearts of the daughters were now. And yet, if Blanche had looked up in Anne's face at that moment, she must have seen that Anne's mind was far away from her little love-story.

"You know who it is?" she went on, after waiting for a reply.

"Mr. Brinkworth?"

"Of course! Who else should it be?"

"And you are really happy, my love?"

"Happy?" repeated Blanche. "Mind! this is strictly between ourselves. I am ready to jump out of my skin for joy. I love him! I love him! I love him!" she cried, with a childish pleasure in repeating the words. They were echoed by a heavy sigh. Blanche instantly looked up into Anne's face. "What's the matter?" she asked, with a sudden change of voice and manner.

"Nothing."

Blanche's observation saw too plainly to be blinded in that way.

"There *is* something the matter," she said. "Is it money?" she added, after a moment's consideration. "Bills to pay? I have got plenty of money, Anne. I'll lend you what you like."

"No, no, my dear!"

Blanche drew back, a little hurt. Anne was keeping her at a distance for the first time in Blanche's experience of her.

"I tell you all my secrets," she said. "Why are *you* keeping a secret from *me?* Do you know that you have been looking anxious and out of spirits for some time past? Perhaps you don't like Mr. Brinkworth? No? you *do* like him? Is it my marrying, then? I believe it is! You fancy we shall be parted, you goose? As if I could do without you! Of course, when I am married to Arnold, you will come and live with us. That's quite understood between us—isn't it?"

Anne drew herself suddenly, almost roughly, away from Blanche, and pointed out to the steps.

"There is somebody coming," she said. "Look!"

The person coming was Arnold. It was Blanche's turn to play, and he had volunteered to fetch her.

Blanche's attention—easily enough distracted on other occasions—remained steadily fixed on Anne.

"You are not yourself," she said, "and I must know the reason of it. I will wait till to-night—and then you will tell me when you come into my room. Don't look like that! You *shall* tell me. And there's a kiss for you in the mean time!"

She joined Arnold, and recovered her gayety the moment she looked at him.

"Well? Have you got through the hoops?"

"Never mind the hoops. I have broken the ice with Sir Patrick."

"What! before all the company!"

"Of course not! I have made an appointment to speak to him here."

They went laughing down the steps, and joined the game.

Left alone, Anne Silvester walked slowly to the inner and darker part of the summer-house. A glass, in a carved wooden frame, was fixed against one of the side walls. She stopped and looked into it—looked, shuddering, at the reflection of herself.

"Is the time coming," she said, "when even Blanche will see what I am in my face?"

She turned aside from the glass. With a sudden cry of despair she flung up her arms and laid them heavily against the wall, and rested her head on them with her back to the light. At the same moment a man's figure appeared—standing dark in the flood of sunshine at the entrance to the summer-house. The man was Geoffrey Delamayn.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

THE TWO.

He advanced a few steps, and stopped. Absorbed in herself, Anne failed to hear him. She never moved.

"I have come, as you made a point of it," he said, sullenly. "But, mind you, it isn't safe."

At the sound of his voice, Anne turned toward him. A change of expression appeared in her face, as she slowly advanced from the back of the summer-house, which revealed a likeness to her mother, not perceivable at other times. As the mother had looked, in by-gone days, at the man who had disowned her, so the daughter looked at Geoffrey Delamayn—with the same terrible composure, and the same terrible contempt.

"Well?" he asked. "What have you got to say to me?"

"Mr. Delamayn," she answered, "you are one of the fortunate people of this world. You are a nobleman's son. You are a handsome man. You are popular at your college. You are free of the best houses in England. Are you something besides all this? Are you a coward and a scoundrel as well?"

He started—opened his lips to speak—checked himself—and made an uneasy attempt to laugh it off. "Come!" he said, "keep your temper."

The suppressed passion in her began to force its way to the surface.

"Keep my temper?" she repeated. "Do *you* of all men expect me to control myself? What a memory yours must be! Have you forgotten the time when I was fool enough to think you were fond of me? and mad enough to believe you could keep a promise?"

He persisted in trying to laugh it off. "Mad is a strongish word to use, Miss Silvester!"

"Mad is the right word! I look back at my own infatuation—and I can't account for it; I can't understand myself. What was there in *you*," she asked, with an outbreak of contemptuous surprise, "to attract such a woman as I am?"

His inexhaustible good-nature was proof even against this. He put his hands in his pockets, and said, "I'm sure I don't know."

She turned away from him. The frank brutality of the answer had not offended her. It forced her, cruelly forced her, to remember that she had nobody but herself to blame for the position in which she stood at that moment. She was unwilling to let him see how the remembrance hurt her—that was all. A sad, sad story; but it must be told. In her mother's time, she had been the sweetest, the most lovable of children. In later days, under the care of her mother's friend, her girlhood had passed so harmlessly and so happily—it seemed as if the sleeping passions might sleep forever! She had lived on to the prime of her womanhood—and then, when the treasure of her life was at its richest, in one fatal moment she had flung it away on the man in whose presence she now stood.

Was she without excuse? No: not utterly without excuse.

She had seen him under other aspects than the aspect which he presented now. She had seen him, the hero of the river-race, the first and foremost man in a trial of strength and skill which had roused the enthusiasm of all England. She had seen him, the central object of the interest of a nation; the idol of the popular worship and the popular applause. *His* were the arms whose muscle was celebrated in the newspapers. *He* was first among the heroes hailed by ten thousand roaring throats as the pride and flower of England. A woman, in an atmosphere of red-hot enthusiasm, witnesses the apotheosis of Physical Strength. Is it reasonable—is it just—to expect her to ask herself, in cold blood, What (morally and intellectually) is all this worth?—and that, when the man who is the object of the apotheosis, notices her, is presented to her, finds her to his taste, and singles her out from the rest? No. While humanity is humanity, the woman is not utterly without excuse.

Has she escaped, without suffering for it?

Look at her as she stands there, tortured by the knowledge of her own secret—the hideous secret which she is hiding from the innocent girl, whom she loves with a sister's love. Look at her, bowed down under a humiliation which is unutterable in words. She has seen him below the surface—now, when it is too late. She rates him at his true value—now, when her reputation is at his mercy. Ask her the question: What was there to love in a man who can speak to you as that man has spoken, who can treat you as that man is treating you now? you so clever, so cultivated, so refined—what, in Heaven's name, could *you* see in him? Ask her that; and she will have no answer to give. She will not even remind you that he was once your model of manly beauty, too—that you waved your handkerchief till you could wave it no longer, when he took his seat, with the others, in the boat—that your heart was like to jump out of your bosom, on that later occasion when he leaped the last hurdle at the foot-race, and won it by a head. In the bitterness of her remorse, she will not even seek for *that* excuse for herself. Is there no atoning suffering to be seen here? Do your sympathies shrink from such a character as this? Follow her, good friends of virtue, on the pilgrimage that leads, by steep and thorny ways, to the purer atmosphere and the nobler life. Your fellow-creature, who has sinned and has repented—you have the authority of the Divine Teacher for it—is your fellow-creature, purified and ennobled. A joy among the angels of heaven—oh, my brothers and sisters of the earth, have I not laid my hand on a fit companion for You?

There was a moment of silence in the summer-house. The cheerful tumult of the lawn-party was pleasantly audible from the distance. Outside, the hum of voices, the laughter of girls, the thump of the croquet-mallet against the ball. Inside, nothing but a woman forcing back the bitter tears of sorrow and shame—and a man who was tired of her.

She roused herself. She was her mother's daughter; and she had a spark of her mother's spirit. Her life depended on the issue of that interview. It was useless—without father or brother to take her part—to lose the last chance of appealing to him. She dashed away the tears—time enough to cry, is time easily found in a woman's existence—she dashed away the tears, and spoke to him again, more gently than she had spoken yet.

"You have been three weeks, Geoffrey, at your brother Julius's place, not ten miles from here; and you have never once ridden over to see me. You would not have come to-day, if I had not written to you to insist on it. Is that the treatment I have deserved?"

She paused. There was no answer.

"Do you hear me?" she asked, advancing, and speaking in louder tones.

He was still silent. It was not in human endurance to bear his contempt. The warning of a coming outbreak began to show itself in her face. He met it, beforehand, with an impenetrable front. Feeling nervous about the interview, while he was waiting in the rose-garden—now that he stood committed to it, he was in full possession of himself. He was composed enough to remember that he had not put his pipe in its case—composed enough to set that little matter right before other matters went any farther. He took the case out of one pocket, and the pipe out of another.

"Go on," he said, quietly. "I hear you."

She struck the pipe out of his hand at a blow. If she had had the strength she would have struck him down with it on the floor of the summer-house.

"How dare you use me in this way?" she burst out, vehemently. "Your conduct is infamous. Defend it if you can!"

He made no attempt to defend it. He looked, with an expression of genuine anxiety, at the fallen pipe. It was beautifully colored—it had cost him ten shillings. "I'll pick up my pipe first," he said. His face brightened pleasantly—he looked handsomer than ever—as he examined the precious object, and put it back in the case. "All right," he said to himself. "She hasn't broken it." His attitude, as he looked at her again, was the perfection of easy grace—the grace that attends on cultivated strength in a state of repose. "I put it to your own common-sense," he said, in the most reasonable manner, "what's the good of bullying me? You don't want them to hear you, out on the lawn there—do you? You women are all alike. There's no beating a little prudence into your heads, try how one may."

There he waited, expecting her to speak. She waited on her side, and forced him to go on.

"Look here," he said, "there's no need to quarrel, you know. I don't want to break my promise—but what can I do? I'm not the eldest son. I'm dependent on my father for every farthing I have; and I'm on bad terms with him already. Can't you see it yourself? You're a lady, and all that, I know. But you're only a governess. It's your interest as well as mine to wait till my father has provided for me. Here it is in a nut-shell: if I marry you now, I'm a ruined man."

The answer came, this time.

"You villain! if you *don't* marry me, I am a ruined woman!"

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. Don't look at me in that way."

"How do you expect me to look at a woman who calls me a villain to my face?"

She suddenly changed her tone. The savage element in humanity—let the modern optimists who doubt its existence look at any uncultivated man (no matter how muscular), woman (no matter how beautiful), or child (no matter how young)—began to show itself furtively in his eyes, to utter itself furtively in his voice. Was he to blame for the manner in which he looked at her, and spoke to her? Not he! What had there been in the training of *his* life (at school or at college) to soften and subdue the savage element in him? About as much as there had been in the training of his ancestors (without the school or the college) five hundred years since.

It was plain that one of them must give way. The woman had the most at stake—and the woman set the example of submission.

"Don't be hard on me," she pleaded. "I don't mean to be hard on *you*. My temper gets the better of me. You know my temper. I am sorry I forgot myself. Geoffrey, my whole future is in your hands. Will you do me justice?"

She came nearer, and laid her hand persuasively on his arm.

"Haven't you a word to say to me? No answer? Not even a look?" She waited a moment more. A marked change came over her. She turned slowly to leave the summer-house. "I am sorry to have troubled you, Mr. Delamayn. I won't detain you any longer."

He looked at her. There was a tone in her voice that he had never heard before. There was a light in her eyes that he had never seen in them before. Suddenly and fiercely, he reached out his hand, and stopped her.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

She answered, looking him straight in the face, "Where many a miserable woman has gone before me. Out of the world."

He drew her nearer to him, and eyed her closely. Even *his* intelligence discovered that he had brought her to bay, and that she really meant it!

"Do you mean you will destroy yourself?" he said.

"Yes. I mean I will destroy myself."

He dropped her arm. "By Jupiter, she *does* mean it!"

With that conviction in him, he pushed one of the chairs in the summer-house to her with his foot, and signed to her to take it. "Sit down!" he said, roughly. She had frightened him—and fear comes seldom to men of his type. They feel it, when it does come, with an angry distrust; they grow loud and brutal, in instinctive protest against it. "Sit down!" he repeated. She obeyed him. "Haven't you got a word to say to me?" he asked, with an oath. No! there she sat immovable, reckless how it ended—as only women can be, when women's minds are made up. He took a turn in the summer-house, and came back, and struck his hand angrily on the rail of her chair. "What do you want?"

"You know what I want."

He took another turn. There was nothing for it but to give way on his side, or run the risk of something happening which might cause an awkward scandal, and come to his father's ears.

"Look here, Anne," he began, abruptly. "I have got something to propose."

She looked up at him.

"What do you say to a private marriage?"

Without asking a single question, without making objections, she answered him, speaking as bluntly as he had spoken himself.

"I consent to a private marriage."

He began to temporize directly.

"I own I don't see how it's to be managed—"

She stopped him there.

"I do!"

"What!" he cried out, suspiciously. "You have thought of it yourself, have you?"

"Yes."

"And planned for it?"

"And planned for it."

"Why didn't you tell me so before?"

She answered haughtily; insisting on the respect which is due to women—the respect which was doubly due from *him*, in her position.

"Because *you* owed it to *me*, Sir, to speak first."

"Very well. I've spoken first. Will you wait a little?"

"Not a day!"

The tone was positive. There was no mistaking it. Her mind was made up.

"Where's the hurry?"

"Have you eyes?" she asked, vehemently. "Have you ears? Do you see how Lady Lundie looks at me? Do you hear how Lady Lundie speaks to me? I am suspected by that woman. My shameful dismissal from this house may be a question of a few hours." Her head sunk on her bosom; she wrung her clasped hands as they rested on her lap. "And, oh, Blanche!" she moaned to herself, the tears gathering again, and falling, this time, unchecked. "Blanche, who looks up to me! Blanche, who loves me! Blanche, who told me, in this very place, that I was to live with her when she was married!" She started up from the chair; the tears dried suddenly; the hard despair settled again, wan and white, on her face. "Let me go! What is death, compared to such a life as is waiting for *me?*" She looked him over, in one disdainful glance from head to foot; her voice rose to its loudest and firmest tones. "Why, even *you* would have the courage to die if you were in my place!"

Geoffrey glanced round toward the lawn.

"Hush!" he said. "They will hear you!"

"Let them hear me! When *I* am past hearing *them*, what does it matter?"

He put her back by main force on the chair. In another moment they must have heard her, through all the noise and laughter of the game.

"Say what you want," he resumed, "and I'll do it. Only be reasonable. I can't marry you to-day."

"You can!"

"What nonsense you talk! The house and grounds are swarming with company. It can't be!"

"It can! I have been thinking about it ever since we came to this house. I have got something to propose to you. Will you hear it, or not?"

"Speak lower!"

"Will you hear it, or not?"

"There's somebody coming!"

"Will you hear it, or not?"

"The devil take your obstinacy! Yes!"

The answer had been wrung from him. Still, it was the answer she wanted—it opened the door to hope. The instant he had consented to hear her her mind awakened to the serious necessity of averting discovery by any third person who might stray idly into the summer-house. She held up her hand for silence, and listened to what was going forward on the lawn.

The dull thump of the croquet-mallet against the ball was no longer to be heard. The game had stopped.

In a moment more she heard her own name called. An interval of another instant passed—and a familiar voice said, "I know where she is. I'll fetch her."

She turned to Geoffrey, and pointed to the back of the summer-house.

"It's my turn to play," she said. "And Blanche is coming here to look for me. Wait there—and I'll stop her on the steps."

She went out at once. It was a critical moment. Discovery, which meant moral-ruin to the woman, meant money-ruin to the man. Geoffrey had not exaggerated his position with his father. Lord Holchester had twice paid his debts—and had declined to see him since. One more outrage on his father's rigid sense of propriety, and he would be left out of the will as well as kept out of the house. He looked for a means of retreat, in case there was no escaping unperceived by the front entrance. A door—intended for the use of servants, when picnics and gipsy tea-parties were given in the summer-house—had been made in the back wall. It opened outward, and it was locked. With his strength it was easy to remove that obstacle. He put his shoulder to the door. At the moment when he burst it open he felt a hand on his arm. Anne was behind him, alone.

"You may want it before long," she said, observing the open door, without expressing any surprise. "You don't want it now. Another person will play for me—I have told Blanche I am not well. Sit down. I have secured a respite of five minutes, and I must make the most of it. In that time, or less, Lady Lundie's suspicions will bring her here—to see how I am. For the present, shut the door."

She seated herself, and pointed to a second chair. He took it—with his eye on the closed door.

"Come to the point!" he said, impatiently. "What is it?"

"You can marry me privately to-day," she answered. "Listen—and I will tell you how!"

MY NEST.

THE shadows lengthen; the twilight is falling;
The labors and cares of the day are ended;
A peace settles over the city's brawling,
Like the mirror'd glow of the sunset splendid.
And sparrow and robin, and skylark and throstle,
Are silent now in leafy recesses:
Calmly and warmly and safely they nestle
In the shadowy bliss of soft caresses.

On the skirts of the city *my* nest is waiting,
Warm with a glow that is grateful and tender;
And the world, with its striving, and sinning, and hating,
Melts in the light of its sacred splendor.
What though my dovecot be poor and lowly?
Love's kingly sway makes the dwelling royal!
Peace, like a cherubim, pure and holy,
Fills every heart with a faith life loyal!

Cozy, warm nest! every bounty and blessing
Linger about thee as years o'er thee gather;
Joys bide within thee; and mercies unceasing
Rain from the bountiful hand of the Father!
Hope's budding promises break without number
Rich 'mong thy leaflets, and burst into blossom;
Sweet be thy glad waking hours, and thy slumber
Calm as the sleep of a babe on the bosom!

JUDGE LYNCH IN INDIA.

"I DARE say, my dear fellow, that with your British notions it does appear strange to you that any law-abiding citizen of the United States should for an instant uphold the doings of Judge Lynch; but I for one have long been convinced that worse evils can befall a community than an occasional visit from the peripatetic judge. Truly he administers but 'wild justice,' but I do not think that as many innocent men have suffered from his decrees as from those of the legally qualified common-law judges of England and America. Moreover, during my travels throughout 'Greater Britain,' I have seen cause to regret that Judge Lynch and his effective if irregular court had not been introduced into other English-speaking countries. For instance, bush-ranging in Australia could never have been reduced to so fine a science had the squatters taken a lesson or two from my friends in Indiana on the speediest method of freeing the country from horse-thieves and murderers."

"Yes, that is all very well, you know, for you who have become so thoroughly American in life and thought; but no Englishman—no regular Englishman, I mean—would ever consent to act the part of Judge Lynch, or the part of a juryman in his court."

The last speaker was evidently what he had styled a *regular* Englishman; his companion was as undoubtedly of the same race, but in him the salient characteristics had been rubbed off or toned down, and he might readily be taken by a casual observer for a native of his adopted State.

The two men occupied a seat in a railroad carriage that was hurrying across the prairies of Illinois.

"There you are mistaken," replied the elder of the two persons; "and to convince you I will relate a personal experience of lynch-law, in which also figured no less a person than your esteemed uncle, General H——.

"It is something more than a quarter of a century since your uncle, then a captain, and myself were dining at the house of the Commander of the Bheel Corps in Khandes. Young N——, of the Engineers, was also a guest on the occasion referred to. We had settled ourselves well down in our Chinese bamboo chairs on the veranda of the house enjoying our post-prandial cheroots, when a Government peon or messenger suddenly appeared in the inclosure of the bungalow, and with considerably less than the usual amount of salaaming, approached the master of the house, the redoubtable and dread Bheel Agent. In hurried accents the peon reported that there were then lying, within a mile of our quarters, and on the high-road from Bombay to Indore, the dead bodies of ten men who had been attacked and killed within the last half hour.

"Our quartette had just been deploring the dullness of the season and the lack of all novelty at the station. Here was excitement and novelty with a vengeance!

"The Hindostanee words for two and ten (dō and dŏs) are so nearly alike in sound that we all thought the evidently frightened peon had inadvertently used the larger number; but on being taken into the house and sharply questioned by Major ——, the peon asserted that he had counted the dead bodies, and that there were ten all lying in a row; that on discovering the nature of the tragedy he had run with all speed to report the circumstance to the Burrah Sahib, but he could tell no more. Our horses were immediately ordered; and as we were all guests under the same hospitable roof, we armed ourselves and prepared to follow the Agent, whose duty it was, as a magistrate, to examine into the circumstances. Before our horses were ready the whole cantonment was ablaze with excitement; and when we set out to the scene of the tragedy the plain was made light as day by the flare of hundreds of burning pine-torches.

"We found the bodies as described lying in the middle of the road at regular distances. To the experienced eye of an Indian official the whole story was told at a glance; the unfortunate men were gold carriers from Bombay to Indore, conveying each of them a certain weight of the precious metal in ingots, tied in their cumberbunds around the loins. Marching as they always do in Indian file, they must have been met by the robbers proceeding in like manner in the opposite direction, and as each came alongside his victim a blow on the bare neck from a sharp heavy tulwar ended the matter. In all probability not a cry escaped. In two instances the heads were entirely separated from the trunks. It would be the work of half a minute for the assailants to tear the cumberbund from the corpse and escape into the obscurity of the moonless night.

"'This is professional Dacoitee,' said the magistrate, 'and the scoundrels will make for the Nizam's territory; once across the lines they will be safe. Jemadar!' calling a native officer, 'pick out the twelve best mounted and lightest men in the troop, and order them to report at my house in half an hour. Captain S——, as brigade-major, you will take charge of the bodies, find out all you can about the murder, which I promise you won't be much; *my* duty is to catch the murderers. And now, gentlemen, who of you are inclined for a ride this dark night?'

"Of course every officer present volunteered; but as half of them had no horses fit for such an excursion, and the other half could not be spared from duty, the magistrate's companions were reduced to his dinner guests, with the addition of young B—— of the civil service, a noted horseman and hog hunter.

"In less than half an hour the five Europeans and the twelve native troopers, with their own officer at their head, were cantering gently across the plain. It will be observed that no time was lost in idle speculation as to the why and the wherefore; indeed there was no room for hesitation or doubt. The murders were evidently the work of professional skill, and the question as to the direction of their flight was narrowed down by the necessities of the case to security in the dominions of the Nizam, the independent native ruler of the Deccan. Before starting, however, we had ascertained that a considerable body of horsemen had recently crossed a nullah or ditch in the direction we had determined upon taking.

"Luckily for both men and horses, the night was cool, and we were able to push on rapidly; no horses but Arabs could have gotten over the ground at the pace we rode. Arab horses have always a shambling, stumbling action, but they are sure-footed as mules, and although by dawn we had ridden fifty miles, not an accident had occurred.

"At sunrise we halted for a couple of hours, we white men making our breakfast on crackers and brandy *pawnee*, our escort on parched grain and *pawnee* (water) without the brandy.

"We did not reach the frontier until 3 P.M., receiving then for the first time positive intelligence that the experience of Major —— was not at fault; the robber band had passed across into native territory about an hour ahead of us, and were doubtless safe within the walls of Rattowah.

"We were terribly chagrined. As we attacked our flasks and crackers for the second time in twenty hours, we discussed the feasibility of enticing the gang back on to British soil, where we could legally arrest them. But, to shorten my story, I may at once say that our deliberation closed by a unanimous resolve to cross the Rubicon, arrest the murderers, bring them back prisoners, and apologize to the outraged sovereignty of his Royal Highmightiness, the Nizam, afterward.

"As there was no time to be lost, we soon reached the walled village of Rattowah, and were rejoiced at learning that our prey were all fast asleep in fancied security in the Duhrumsallah, or caravanserai of the place. After consultation with the kotwal (headman) of the village, who pretended to be horrified at the discovery of the characters his village was sheltering, their resting-place was surrounded, and three of us entered holding drawn swords and cocked pistols in our hands; a few lusty kicks aroused the astonished inmates. The Bheel Agent soon enlightened them as to the situation, ordering them to the door in Indian file, where they were seized and securely bound with the heel-ropes of our horses.

"After this was almost silently accomplished, we concluded to take some refreshment before returning to Khandes. It was an unwise resolve, as we shortly discovered. We managed to purchase some fowls, rice, yams, and a couple of earthen pots, and two of us set to work to prepare 'a hasty plate of soup.' We were, of course, our own cooks and scullions, for our troopers would have 'died the death' rather than contaminate their high-caste fingers by touching our food. Inexpertness made the plucking and cleaning tedious work, and it was near sunset before we had managed to get the disjointed chickens into the pot. We were congratulating ourselves on the success of our culinary operations, when our friend Major —— startled us, on his return from a stroll through the village, by saying, 'Gentlemen, we must get out of this without delay. Some infernal rascal, I believe the kotwal himself, has sent a messenger express to a camp of the Nizam's cavalry, only eight or ten miles distant, and if the Rissaldar in command is the man I take him to be, he will be here to secure, not the prisoners—he don't care a button for them—but their golden plunder.'

"This was a dilemma we had not calculated upon. We held a consultation once more, the result of which was the determination to try the murderers by drum-head court-martial on the spot. This, we all knew, was a serious business; for although no one gave utterance to the thought, it was evident that the result of such a trial would be the death of the prisoners. In spite of the fierce resolve in our hearts, we could not help laughing at the suggestion of our civilian associate that, as there was probably no *drum* to be found in such a place, we might borrow a native tom-tom for the occasion.

"The court was quickly organized, the prisoners were brought before it and interrogated as to name, ages, etc. They made no concealment of the crime or its motive; they one and all told us to attend to our own business, as they *had* attended to theirs. There was no difficulty in finding a verdict—there was more hesitation about the sentence; but, finally, it was agreed that they should all be hanged by the neck. I need not dwell upon the farther details. Lariats and trees were plenty; and after waiting ten minutes round the swaying bodies, we rode off as fast as our exhausted horses could carry us.

"The gold for which the twelve men had risked and lost so much was subsequently transmitted, with a full account of the transaction, to the English Minister or Resident, as he is styled, at the Court of Holkar at Indore, the city to which the murdered men were journeying when they met the Dacoits.

"There was, of course, a terrible row about the affair. Luckily Sir Charles Metcalfe had not then given to the newspapers a license to discuss such matters, and Major —— and your uncle, Fred, had interest enough to have the business hushed up after the Nizam had accepted a very humble apology.

"I found it convenient to resign my commission, and soon after came to the United States, and settled down as a farmer in Indiana; but although a resident there for more than thirty years, I have never again acted in the court of Judge Lynch."

OUR SURVIVING EX-PRESIDENTS.

THE death of President Pierce leaves General Grant the only living representative of an elected chief magistrate of the nation. The two surviving ex-Presidents, Fillmore and Johnson, were both raised to their high official position by the death of their superior associates in office. The history of these two ex-Presidents in their early struggles for the necessaries of life, in their unexpected success, in their abandonment of the political party which raised them to power, is similar to a degree that would suggest that the fates worked out their destiny under the same unhappy auspices.

Mr. Johnson, made President by the death of Mr. Lincoln, in the first blush of his accidentally acquired honors, promised to be the Moses who would bring the newly-enfranchised slave safely to the land of perfect freedom. If he has any record which is really prominent—connected with statesmanship—it is, that he forgot his mission, and affected the spirit that gave birth and vitality to the Fugitive Slave Law.

Both these ex-Presidents were born in the most humble positions possible in American society; both struggled into eminence through the severest sacrifices and by indomitable energy. Both could, and can, remember the bitterness of their own early life; and yet both apparently forgot, while Presidents, to sympathize with the poor and enslaved toiler.

But this strange parallel does not end here; for, while Andy Johnson, as a boy, was working upon the bench as an apprentice to a tailor, Millard Fillmore, somewhat older in years, in the western wilds of New York, was sweating over the mechanical operation of dressing cloth, which could be fashioned into garments by the art which Andrew Johnson was learning in the then desolate regions of Tennessee.

But let these exemplars of singular history speak through the strange records that have been preserved for the enlightenment of American youth and the astonishment of an admiring world.

"GREENVILLE, TENNESSEE, *November* 7, 1818.

"This is to certify that it is my desire that my son Andrew Johnson is bound an apprentice to James J. Selby to learn the Taylor's Trade, and that he is to serve him faithfully until he is 21 years old.

"Andrew Johnson was born in the year 1808, December 29.

"MARY DAUGHTRY,
by
"TURNER DAUGHTRY."

"SEMPRONIUS (N. Y.), *June* 26, 1820.

"DEAR SIR,—Feeling disposed to relinquish my study, I feel anxious to pursue my occupation again. Therefore I shall take the liberty to inquire of you if you have any journeyman engaged to dress cloth, and if you have not I should like to hire out to you, and would work cheap, as I could possibly afford it. Please to direct a letter to me at Montville the first opportunity, and let me know the result of your opinion of my request.

"Please accept my unfeigned respects, and present them to your amiable lady, and

"Permit me to subscribe myself
"Your unworthy friend,
"M. FILLMORE.

"Z. CHENEY."

A MODERN TOURNAMENT.

AMONG the honorable exercises formerly in fashion among all persons of note in Europe who desired to gain reputation in feats of arms, from the king to the private gentleman, were tournaments, joustings, tiltings, etc. The word tournament is derived from *tourner* (to run around), and in those military exercises much agility, both of man and horse, was requisite in riding round a ring, or in wheeling with rapidity and precision.

Our illustration on page 780 is a very good representation of the tournament as it now exists in some of our Southern (especially the border) States. Let us imagine ourselves at one of these exercises. The knights are about to enter the lists, on either side of which are long lines of carriages filled with beautiful women, whose eyes beam with love and pleasure as their gallant favorites, clad in armor, enter the barriers and ride hither and thither on richly caparisoned steeds. A Queen of Love and Beauty has been chosen, with her Maids of Honor. The knights having retired to the end of the list, are called in order by the Herald, to contend for the prize. Every knight who successfully bears away the ring is, upon returning it to the judges as an evidence of his prowess, loudly greeted by the gentry, the fair ladies on either side also expressing their approbation by the waving of handkerchiefs and clapping of hands.

The general mode of procedure at a tournament is as follows: A ring, from two to three inches in diameter, is suspended on a hook high enough to allow the riders to pass under it, each rider or knight is armed with a long spear, and in his turn tilts the ring at full speed; the speed is 100 yards in five seconds. If he carries off the ring he scores one; if he misses it, or is not up to the required speed when he takes it, he does not score. Three tilts or courses in succession is the general number tried; the knight who takes the ring oftenest has the honor of choosing the Queen of Love and Beauty, the next best choosing the Maids of Honor. After the tilting is completed the knights are drawn up in line in front of the judges' stand, who then name the successful gallants and the honors they are entitled to. They then proceed to the ladies' stand and make choice of the Queen of Love and Beauty and her Maids of Honor; the whole cavalcade then form in procession, the beauties in a carriage, the gallant knights on horseback, and proceed to the ball-room, where is erected a throne, to which the Queen and her maids are conducted; after which the knights, under their distinguishing names—such as Knight of Orange, Knight of Columbia, etc., etc.—are presented to the Court of Love and Beauty. This concludes the ceremony, and knights and ladies fair join in the mazy dance.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A CANDIDATE treated a voter to ginger-cake; whereupon the voter mildly hinted that his "brother" was around somewhere, and the candidate urged him to take another cake for his brother. This he did, and departed; and the up-for-office noted two more votes on his side of the list. But late in the day, when a throng had gathered at the hotel to compare notes and guess at the returns, our verdant friend, very much to the surprise of every one, stalked into the parlor, inquiring for Mr. C——. Of course all eyes were directed to him as he approached. Drawing from his bosom a four-by-six-inch cake, he said, "Mr. C——, here's your cake. My brother had voted afore I feed him." Mr. C——'s embarrassment was not greater than his admiration of the fellow's honesty.

"Patrick," said a priest to an Irishman, "how much hay did you steal?" "Well," replied Pat, "I may as well confess to your reverince for the whole stack, for my wife and I are going to take the rest of it the first dark night."

FULFILLING THE LAW.

Let each one strive with all his might
To be a decent man,
And love his brother as himself—
Upon the golden plan;
And if his neighbor chance to be
A pretty female woman,
Why, love her all the more—you see
That's only acting human.

To remove freckles, cut them out with a razor, and throw them away. To bring out a mustache, tie it to a strong cord, twenty feet long, to the other end of which attach a heavy smoothing-iron, and throw the latter from a fourth-story window. To get rid of red hair, hold your head for a few moments in a strong blaze of gas. To preserve your eyes, put them in a bottle filled with alcohol. To avoid corpulence, quit eating. To conceal your teeth, keep your mouth shut. To keep out of debt, acquire the reputation of a rascal, and no one will trust you. These are infallible receipts.

An Irish glazier was putting a pane of glass into a window, when a groom who was standing by began joking him, telling him to mind and put in plenty of putty. The Irishman bore the banter for some time, but at last silenced his tormentor by—"Arrah, now, be off wid ye, or else I'll put a pane in yer head without any putty."

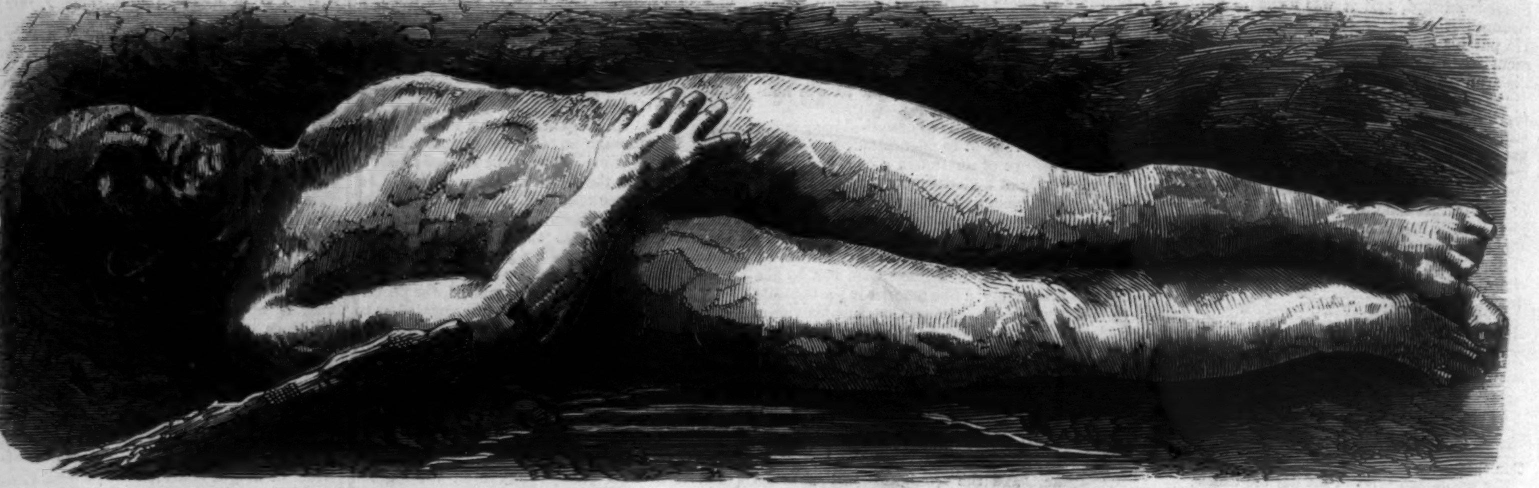
"Buy a trunk, Pat?" said a dealer. "And what for should I buy a trunk?" rejoined Pat. "To put your clothes in," was the reply. "And go naked?" exclaimed Pat; "not a bit iv it."

ANY EXCUSE IS BETTER THAN NONE.—An Irishman, having accidentally broken a pane of glass in a window, was making the best of his way to get out of sight as well as mind; but, unfortunately for Pat, the proprietor stole a march on him, and having seized him by the collar, exclaimed: "You broke my window, fellow, did you not?" "To be sure I did," said Pat; "and didn't you see me running home for money to pay for it?"

One Saturday afternoon two well-dressed elderly gentlemen approached Schiller's bust in the Central Park, and having read the inscription, one observed to the other: "I believe Schiller was a great navigator, was he not?" "Yes," was the response, "I believe he was."

An inveterate stammerer one day, upon a journey, stopped to dine at a hotel. On attempting to help himself to pepper at the dinner, he found, after a violent shaking, that there was no pepper to be had. He turned round, and, beckoning to the waiter, commenced: "Wa-wa-wa-wa-waiter! this pep-pep-p-p-p-pepper box is som-som-som-something like me." "Why so, Sir?" said the waiter. "Po-po-po-po-poor delivery!" That pepper-box was soon filled.

"I went in to bathe," said a Yankee; "but before I was long in the water I saw a huge double-jawed shark making rapidly toward me. What was to be done? When he was within a yard of me I faced round, dived under the shark, and, taking a knife from my pocket, ripped the monster up." "But did you bathe with your clothes on?" asked an astonished listener. "Well," answered the story-teller, reproachfully—"well, I do think you needn't be so tarnation particular."



THE CARDIFF GIANT—FULL LENGTH FRONT VIEW OF THE FIGURE.—[Photographed by C. O. Gott.]

THE CARDIFF GIANT.

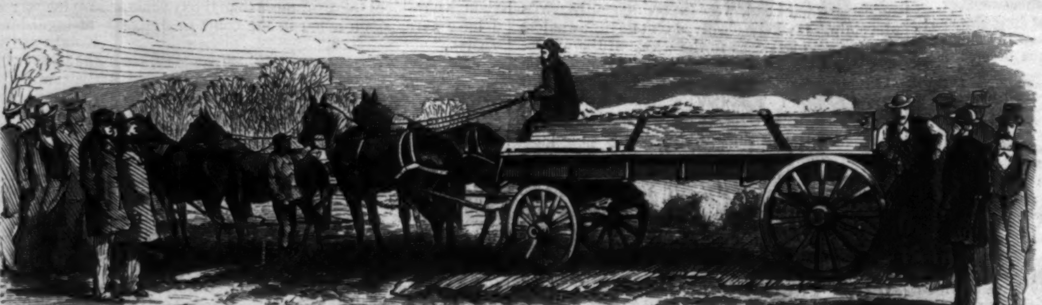
On the 16th of October there was discovered on Mr. **Newell**'s farm in Onondaga County, New York, and about thirteen miles south of Syracuse, what was at first supposed to be a petrified human form—a giant of the olden time. The first reports of this discovery excited the greatest interest among all classes, and especially among scientific men. The fossil was found about three feet below the surface while some persons were digging for a well. The soil was a sort of bluish clay mixed with quicksand and black loam, and organic remains were found about the body. The figure, when first discovered, lay in a very easy and natural position, horizontal, partly on the right side, with the right hand resting over the abdomen. Its dimensions were as follow: From crown of head to hollow of foot, 10 feet 2½ inches; crown of head to tip of chin, 1 foot 9 inches; length of nose, 6 inches; width of nostrils, 3½ inches; width of mouth, 4 inches; point to point of shoulder, 3 feet; point of hip to knee-joint, 3 feet; diameter of calf of leg, 9½ inches; diameter of thigh, 1 foot; length of foot, 1 foot 7½ inches; width of palm, 7 inches; diameter of wrist, 5 inches. The veins, eyeballs, muscles, tendons of the heel, and cords of the neck were all fully disclosed.

As we have said, this figure was at first supposed to be a petrified human form. But it was soon found that this theory seemed hardly plausible. Though the figure had the appearance of stone, the outer surface could be shaved off with a knife without dulling the blade. Dr. J. F. **Boynton** visited the figure, and, after a careful examination, pronounced it to be a statue of a Caucasian. The features were finely cut, and excellent artists have remarked the symmetry of proportions characterizing the whole figure.

Dr. **Boynton** at first supposed that this statue was carved by the Jesuits who dwelt in this valley between 1520 and 1760. After a more thorough examination he declares it to be of gypsum, and of recent origin. He says, in a recent letter to Professor **Spencer**, of the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington:

"I have stated that I thought his 'origin would not carry us back over three hundred years;' but I am not certain that the known principles of chemistry will justify me in asserting that the period between his burial and resurrection was over three years. Its antiquated appearance has been produced not by abrasion, as many have said, but by the dissolving action of water, which, I think, could have been accomplished in a few months. A more careful and accurate calculation, admitting the possible chance of some undiscovered error creeping into the calculation, may show the burial to have taken place about 370 or 371 days ago—as it may have happened between two days."

Mr. **Newell**, upon whose grounds the statue was found, is said to have disposed of it for $40,000. The figure has been carried to Syracuse. Its weight is 2990 pounds. If it were solid stone it would not weigh so much by 500 pounds. A recent theory has been started, that it is a cast-iron figure covered with a coating of cement. The head, it is said, gives a ringing sound when struck, like that of a hollow, metallic body. But Mr. **Palmer**, the sculptor, states that there are marks of sculptor's tools.



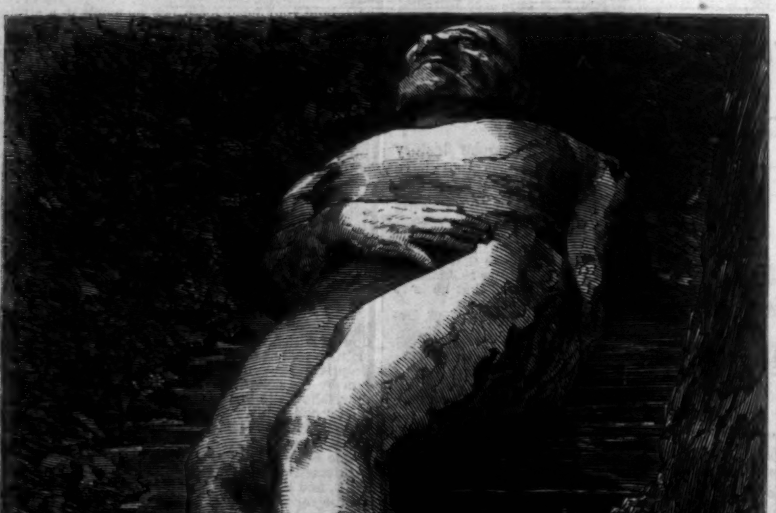
THE CARDIFF GIANT—SHIPMENT OF THE STATUE TO SYRACUSE.—[Photographed by C. O. Gott.]

EXERCISE.

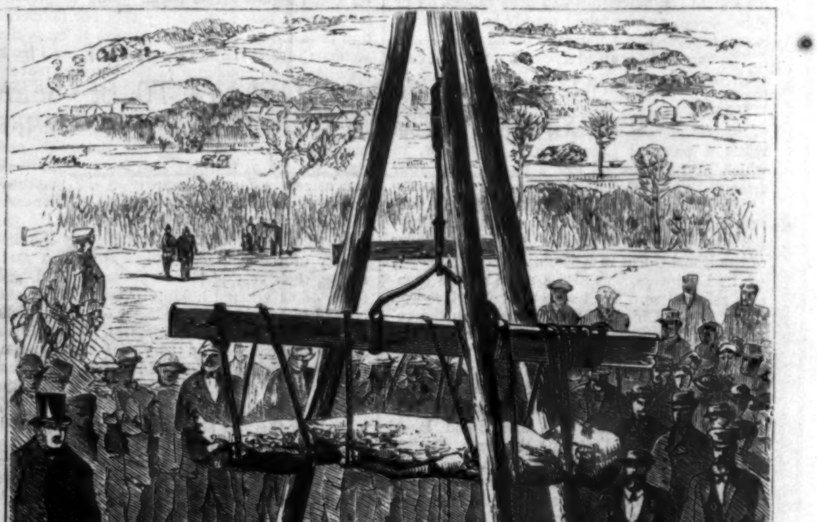
Inaction weakens the body, work strengthens it. The first brings on premature old age, the second prolongs youth—that is to say, as in every thing else, in moderation. The structure of man and his mental nature show that he was not created for inactivity. Almost all those who are quoted for longevity led a more or less active or laborious life. Exercise accelerates assimilation, and with an accelerated assimilation, or process of loss and restoration, the body undergoes a more prompt and complete renovation. The secret of longevity, according to Dr. Noirot, lies in this fact. If women live to a good old age, notwithstanding their sedentary habits, Tisset says this is to be explained by the want of bodily exercise being compensated for by their talking so much. Women are, however, much more lively and cheerful than men, and the most trifling incidents abstract their attention from more serious matters—a state of mind highly conducive to longevity. The most simple, most natural, and most beneficial kind of exercise is walking on foot. Such walks should, as far as possible, be in the open air, and in the morning. Next to pedestrianism comes equitation. No one who can enjoy the use of his legs can, however, envy those who take their so-called exercise in carriages. They obtain the benefit of fresh air and light, but they lose that reinvigoration of the organs, that stimulus to the vital forces, and that increase of warmth which is obtained by foot and horse exercise.

SLEEP.

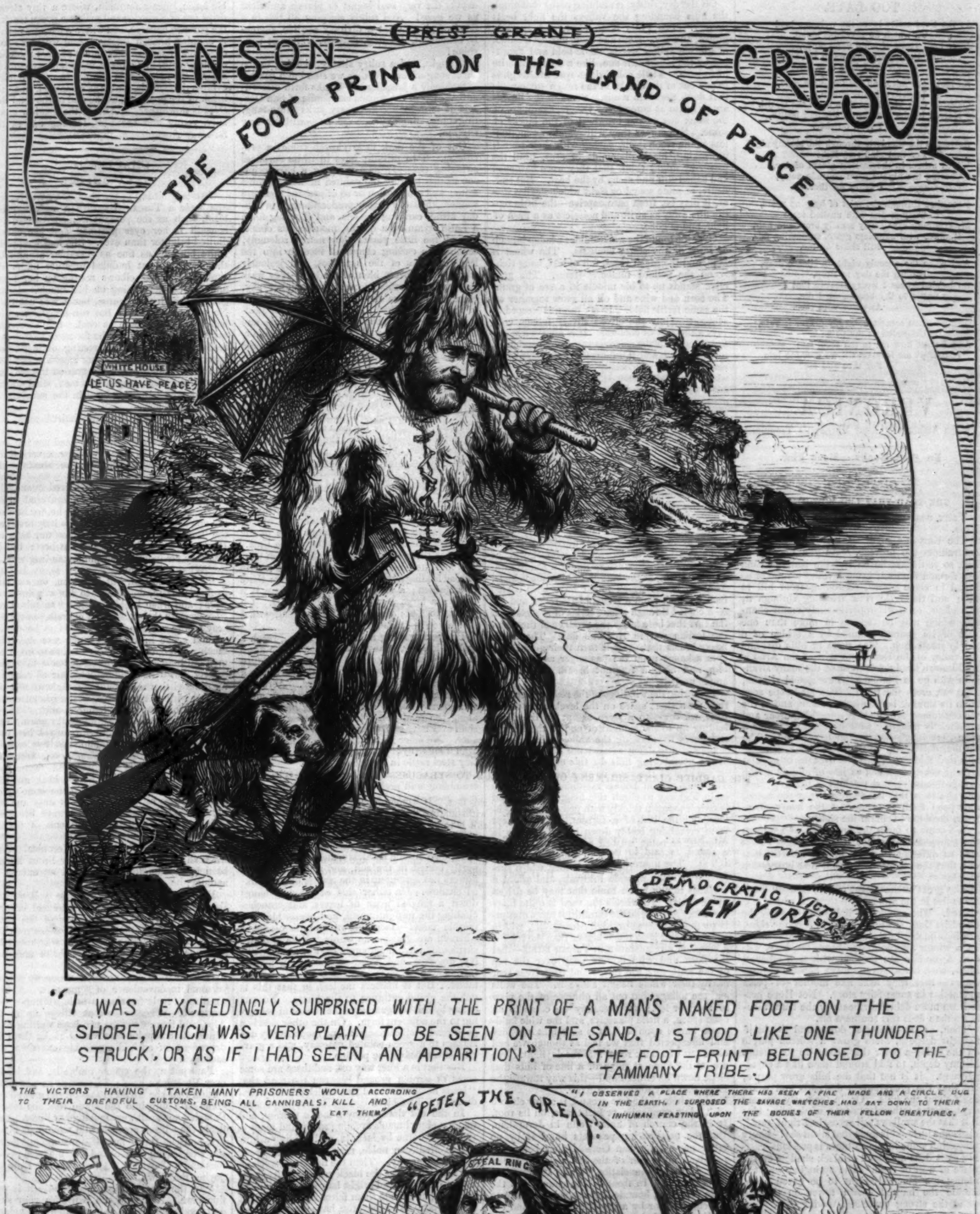
Sleep, which is a kind of anticipation of death, is in lifetime a death which restores vitality. It procures the happiness of being born again every day. The better the sleep, the greater the probability of longevity. Night ought to be consecrated to sleep. This is a law of nature which can not be infringed with impunity. Nothing is more prejudicial to longevity than devoting the nights to intellectual or bodily labors. Many literary men, learned men, and artists have died young in consequence of this practice. On the other hand, early rising, after being refreshed by sleep, is as beneficial as late work is the reverse. The amount of sleep necessary for reinvigoration depends upon the age, habits, and constitution of the individual. A new-born infant would perish if kept awake for twenty-four hours. Sleep is even more necessary after mental than after bodily labor. A man who thinks little is always in a kind of torpor. Old age, again, requires less sleep than youth and adult age. As the body is more accessible to deleterious influences at night than by day, the air ought also to be fresh, and the supply plentiful. The stomach should not be loaded. The bed should not be too soft, and, if possible, the head should lie to the north, the feet to the south. The head should never be covered by the clothes; but there should be more outer clothing at night than in the daytime, the temperature of the body not being so high. It is a good thing, on taking off one's day clothes, to lay aside also all thoughts of the past. It is only thus that complete relaxation of the mind, as well as of the body, is secured, and without this unbending of the mental faculties perfect sleep is impossible.



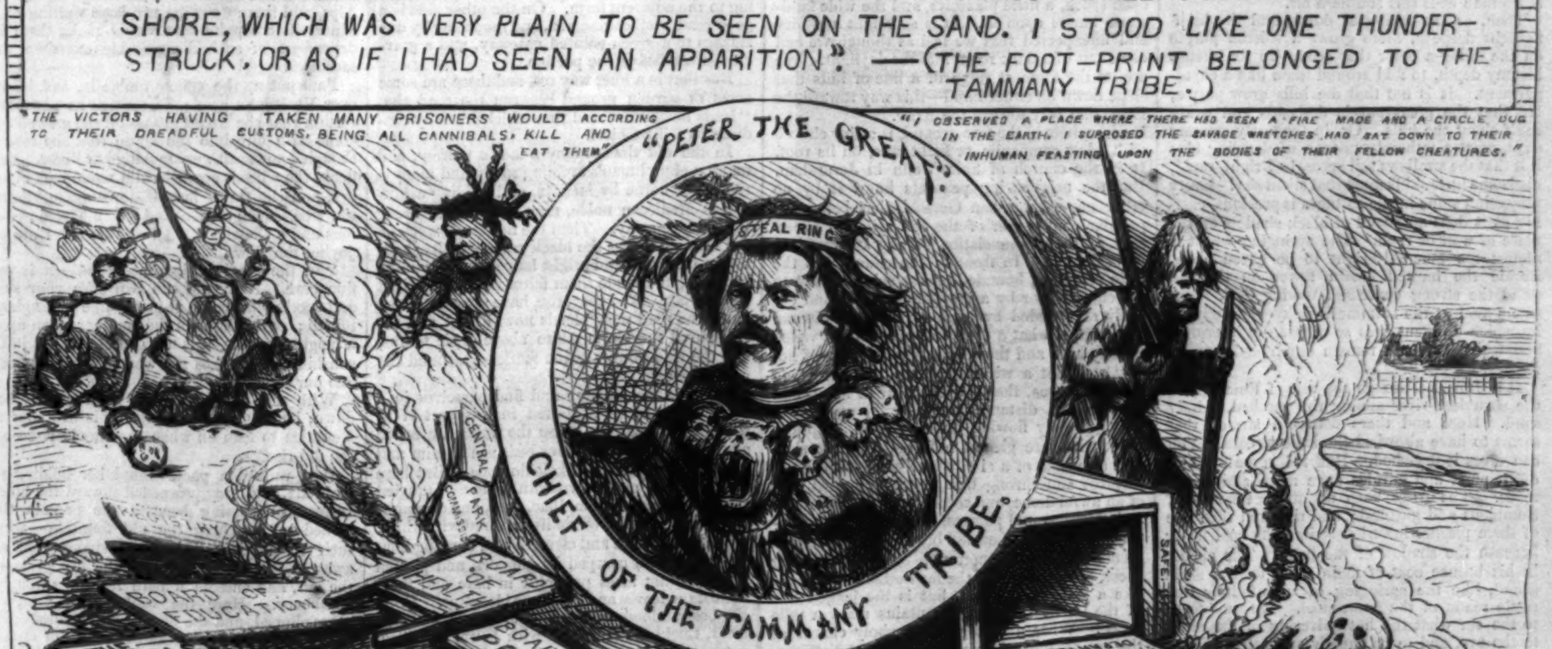
THE CARDIFF GIANT—FORESHORTENED VIEW OF THE FIGURE.—[Phot. by C. O. Gott.]



THE CARDIFF GIANT—HOISTING THE STATUE FROM THE PIT.—[Phot. by C. O. Gott.]


ROBINSON (PREST GRANT) CRUSOE
THE FOOT PRINT ON THE LAND OF PEACE.
WHITE HOUSE
LET US HAVE PEACE
DEMOCRATIC VICTORY NEW YORK STATE

"I WAS EXCEEDINGLY SURPRISED WITH THE PRINT OF A MAN'S NAKED FOOT ON THE SHORE, WHICH WAS VERY PLAIN TO BE SEEN ON THE SAND. I STOOD LIKE ONE THUNDER-STRUCK, OR AS IF I HAD SEEN AN APPARITION". —(THE FOOT-PRINT BELONGED TO THE TAMMANY TRIBE.)


"THE VICTORS HAVING TAKEN MANY PRISONERS WOULD ACCORDING TO THEIR DREADFUL CUSTOMS, BEING ALL CANNIBALS, KILL AND EAT THEM"
"PETER THE GREAT"
STEAL RING
CHIEF OF THE TAMMANY TRIBE.
"I OBSERVED A PLACE WHERE THERE HAD BEEN A FIRE MADE AND A CIRCLE DUG IN THE EARTH, I SUPPOSED THE SAVAGE WRETCHES HAD SAT DOWN TO THEIR INHUMAN FEASTING UPON THE BODIES OF THEIR FELLOW CREATURES."
REGISTRY
CENTRAL PARK COMMISS
BOARD OF EDUCATION
THE EXCIS BOARD
CROTON BOARD
BOARD OF HEALTH
BOARD OF POLICE.
SAFE.
TREASURE OF THE DIFFERENT DEPARTMENTS

THE SAVAGES AT THEIR FIENDISH WORK. — AFTER THE FEAST.

TOO LATE.

As the tired sailor loves the welcome land
On which he takes his stand,
After long years of mute expectancy,
Plowing the watery furrows of the sea,
So I love thee.

As looks the miser on his treasured gold,
In yellow heaps untold,
Gloating with bloodshot eyes upon the wealth
Massed by the sacrifice of life and health,
I look on thee.

As yearns the wanderer through the stormy night
For that glad rosy light
Which ushers in the earliest gleam of day,
Chasing the night's grim solitude away,
I yearn for thee.

I see thee through the mist of by-gone years,
Though dim with unshed tears
My straining eyes. Thy comely brow and hair,
Radiant with nameless grace, surpassing fair,
Still shine on me.

And when the queenly night, in silence deep,
Hushes the day to sleep,
On bended knees I weary Heaven that I
May nestle to thy bosom, ere I die,
At peace with thee.

And yet thou comest not. My prayer is vain,
Unheeded as my pain;
And I must bow me to the cruel fate
That kept me loveless till we met too late
For thee and me!

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book III.

CHAPTER I.

THE ROAD THAT LED NOWHITHER.

VERY near to Florence is the valley of the Ema.

The Ema is a small stream which strikingly contradicts the proverb, "As you make your bed, so you must lie on it," the bed the Ema has formed for itself being a valley a mile or so broad in some places, reckoning from hill to hill; and the little river trickling through it, nowadays, in a disproportionately small channel, which may be (and *is* in more than one part of its course) spanned by a bridge of a single small arch. The ridge of hills dividing the valley of the Ema from that of the Arno is well known by sight to most of the many strangers who go to Florence. Few casual visitors, however, cross the ridge. The landscape seen from its summit is peculiarly Tuscan, and to the unaccustomed eye there is something drear and melancholy mingling with its beauty. After a time that impression is much softened. The peculiar delicacy of coloring; the long vistas of hills that fold like clouds one over the other, and present nearly as much variety of outline as the clouds themselves; the countless towers, villas, and churches that lie scattered over the scene, and peep forth from amidst the hoary olive-trees, combine to charm the sight.

We come to *learn* the loveliness, as we learn the expression of a face whose stranger aspect was so different from its known and familiar one that the recollection of our first impression startles us.

The great enchantment of this Tuscan landscape lies in the atmosphere through which it is viewed. The wonderful lights and shades, the exquisite tints, the limpid clearness of the skies, are inestimable in their effect upon the scenery. In a winter afternoon at sunset, the bare, distant Apennines are touched with such ethereal hues—such lilacs, silvery-grays, blues, and rose-colors—that they look like mother-of-pearl mountains in some fairy story. Not Hope herself can more delusively beautify the barren distance than does this southern air.

Then, as the sun goes down, and the brief twilight deepens, there grows a solemn purple on the hills—a color that seems, in its intense bloomy depth, to fold around them like a cloud-garment. It is not that the hills grow purple, but that the great purple descends and wraps itself about the hills. Or, in the early summer days, what a fathomless ocean of dazzling blue is it that the swallows sail across! Bright, rapid, gladsome little skiffs upon that silent sea! Every projecting stone in the cottages is precious, casting as it does an island of black shadow on the glare of wall or road. The springing wheat is almost too emerald-bright to be gazed upon. Beside the burned brown tower on the hill stand the strong cypresses, writing dark characters against the shimmering sky—hieroglyphics which different eyes so differently interpret, and which to some remain dumb and unread forever.

It is June. Through the vale of Ema ripples the shrunken river among the parched, thirsty sand. Here and there comes a stretch that seems to have absorbed the little stream. You can cross it dry-shod. But, lo! some furlongs off, it purls and gurgles once more amidst the reeds. The frogs keep up an incessant cry, tremulous and guttural; and now and then one of them plashes luxuriously into the cool water beneath the shadow of the bank. The cicala, in his bronze coat of mail, sends forth a shrill sound, like the springing of an infinitely tiny rattle made of the finest steel. It seems to be to the ear what the hot quivering of the air is to the eye, and to be equally suggestive of sunshine. Swarms of colored butterflies flutter brightly around. Orange, crimson, blue, white, purple, yellow; if a rainbow could fall from the sky, and be scattered into a thousand fragments as it fell, it could shower down no bright tint these winged flowers would fail to match.

On the dry, dusty, crumbling paths that climb the hills bounding the valleys the light beats fiercely. The grass is parched, and sparsely grown, and dry. Here and there glitters a bunch of glaring yellow weeds, made bold and flaunting by the munificent sun, like a coarse favorite of fortune. Little cold bright-eyed lizards glide in and out of the chinks in the rough stone-walls that flank the main roads. Some of the lizards are as green as emeralds. Others, again, are of the same hue as the brownest of the blocks of stone. Sometimes they will remain as motionless as the stone itself, gazing with their round, unwinking, black diamonds of eyes, until the passer-by might think that they were hardened and baked stiff and stony by the heat. But suddenly, at some sound or sight which startles it—or, it may be, from pure caprice—the little reptile flits away as swift and noiseless as a flash of light, and is gone.

Over the top of the wall tumbles a laden branch of roses or the starry clematis. The wheat is high, and the green vines, full of leaf, hang richly on the pollard mulberry-stems. The gray olive stands up to his middle in a sea of grain. The corn and wine and oil all grow together on the same fertile field. Every thing is steeped in sunlight. Only the olive's silvery foliage conveys a thought of coolness. It is always a *moonlight* tree. In the sultriest summer noontide its soft gray tint, and the fantastic weirdness of its shadowy form (especially in the older trees, which have been scooped and cut until nothing but a seemingly unsubstantial shell of trunk remains to them), and the trembling, feathery plume of branches recall the cold bright pallor of the moon, that makes the shuddering flowers so wan and bloomless when the night breeze ruffles their dewy breasts.

Drought and a sultry silence, which the cicala's cry seems but to emphasize, not break, prevail along the dusty road, as we wander along the Ema's course, further and still further away from the fair city of Florence, going eastward. Presently, with many a laboring creak and jar, comes lumbering by a clumsy country cart, drawn by two of the colossal, dove-colored Tuscan oxen. The driver—or he who should be driving, rather—lies asleep under a shady awning of matting at the bottom of his rude vehicle. The cart is one which might have been copied inch for inch from a Roman bass-relief, and *has been* copied through a long series of models from the cart that bore home the produce of the teeming Italian soil in Horace's day. The docile heavy beasts that draw it turn their grand dark eyes askance upon the passenger as they meet him, and blow a fragrant breath from moist, ample nostrils.

Following the windings of the road, which now runs for a short space on the level, close to the Ema, we come to a steep ascent on the right, leading up to the summit of one of the highest eminences overlooking the valley. Instead of sloping gently down toward the river, as most of the neighboring hills do, this one terminates on the side of the Ema in an abrupt precipice. The steep ascent before mentioned leaves the main highway to climb this height. The road is narrow, strewn thickly with great smooth pebbles, like the bed of a torrent, and only kept from crumbling bodily down into the valley in summer, or being washed away by the rain in winter, by horizontal lines of rough stone paving, placed like the rungs of a ladder, which succeed each other at wide intervals, and afford a foothold to any laden mule that may be driven up or down. To wheels the rood is quite inaccessible. Arrived on the summit, it turns abruptly to the left between high stone-walls, within which the soil is so much higher than the road—a common circumstance in Tuscan farms—that the corn and wild flowers peep over the top of the wall, and the olives and fruit trees rear nearly their whole height above it. The walls and the foliage shut out all glimpse of the view to right or left; but presently we come to an open space, a little piazzetta, and the wide landscape bursts upon us. It is so bright and airy and unexpected that we feel as though we had come out of a dark room into the daylight. We are on the topmost ridge of a line of hills that slope down on either hand—this way toward the Ema, that way toward the Arno.

Close, here in the fore-ground, is a tiny church with a low campanile, or bell-tower, on its roof. It is the church of Saint John in Jerusalem. But the neighboring peasants know it by no other name than San Gersolé, that being the popular contraction of the ten syllables necessary to the pronunciation of San Giovanni in Jerusalemme. In front of the church lies the little piazzetta, bounded on the side opposite to the church-door by a low parapet wall, and entirely surrounded by huge cypresses. Beyond this parapet what a dream of purple hills, veiled slightly here and there by a silvery gauze of hot mist! What a widening plain, ever widening toward the sea, that is green near at hand, and then in the distance bluish-gray, and holds Arno, sleepily flowing on his course, brightening it with rare gleams reflected from the sky! What a vision of a city, whose house-roofs seem to press and throng like a holiday crowd, and of an awful dome, and soaring towers and spires, and churches and palaces, and old arched gateways, showing burned and brown as colossal fragments of Etruscan pottery! What a dazzling speck of whiteness on the far horizon, that looks like a wandering cloud, but is the jagged line of the Carrara marble mountains many a mile away! What a strange melancholy charm as the eye explores the naked Apennine, discrowned long ages of his rich regal wreath of woods, rearing parched and crumbling heights to the relentless sun, and with black gashes of shadow where a deep ravine winds its mysterious way into the central strong-hold of the hills! What a waveless sea of azure air, into whose limpid depths the very soul seems to plunge and float as we gaze! And subtly steeping all this in a flood of glory, what a divinely terrible, divinely beneficent, dazzling, flaming, white-hot sunshine!

Drought, and a sultry silence, shaking to the shrill song of the cicala, as we stand and gaze.

Suddenly a jangling bell breaks forth discordantly. Up in the square campanile of San Gersolé it is swinging in uneasy jerks—ting-tang, ting-tang, jingle-jangle jingle—without any rhythm.

Out of the dark little church comes a procession. Two priests; boys in white surplices swinging censers; men carrying a lofty crimson banner bearing the painted miracle of some saint; and some dozen or so of peasant men and women (the latter largely predominating) in holiday attire, carrying missals, and shouting forth a Latin hymn in a quaint, monotonous chant. Round the little piazza they march solemnly, sending up curling clouds of incense into the leafy darkness of the cypresses, and jealously edging on to every inch of shade as they walk slowly, bare-headed, under the summer sky. Once, twice, three times, they make the circuit of the piazza. Then the dark church-door swallows them again. The bell ceases to jangle, and the last whiff of incense floats away into the air.

Standing with San Gersolé on the left, and the parapet wall on the right, and looking straight before us, whither does the road lead?

"Nowhither," answers an old contadino, who has been tending his cows in a shed close at hand. Cows know no difference between work days and feast days, but need their fodder and litter all the same, though it *be* the festa of the saint whose legend is commemorated on the crimson banner. Therefore the old contadino has been tending them, with a large apron made of coarse blue linen tied over his holiday clothes. And if you ask him again whither the road leads he will still answer "nowhither." You do not "come out," he says; the road leads nowhither, save—as, if you press him hard with questions, he will be driven to tell you—to the extreme edge of the precipice that overhangs the valley of the Ema.

But is there nothing, then, between San Gersolé and the edge of the precipice, save a strip of road leading nowhither? Ah, truly, yes: there is a garden; a large garden. And there is a house; a large house: the Villa Chiari. Oh yes, as to that; yes, yes. But the road—what would you?—leads *nowhither*.

Proceeding along it, nevertheless, we reach a forlorn-looking, grass-grown space. The grass is burned straw-color, and a foot-path is worn across it. The foot-path shows the bare brown earth beaten and baked quite hard. Across it streams an endless procession of big black ants, as zealously busy a crowd pressing importantly along the road that "leads nowhither" as you shall ever have seen even in Fleet Street, London City. No other living thing is to be beheld, not even a butterfly; but the cicala still springs his tiny steel rattle in the sultry silence.

Before us is a high wall, whose plaster is crumbling and peeling off. There are massive iron gates, worked by some cunning artisan of the old Florentine time, rusty and bent, and partly off their hinges. One-half of the gate stands open. It must have stood open this many a long day—many a long year, perhaps—for the grass has grown around it thickly, and one side of it is partly buried in the soil, and a colony of wild flowers has sprung up in the shelter of its crooked shadow. On either side of the gate hangs down a tangled mass of leaves and branches clothing the unsightly wall, and nearly hiding a marble tablet—moss-grown and discolored—whereon are graven the words "Villa Chiari," surmounted by an elaborate coat of arms. The ivy, dog-rose, and honey-suckle are all matted together, so as to form a thick screen over the tablet. But it matters the less, in that this is not the grand entrance to the house. No one enters by this old gate, save the contadini belonging to the adjacent farm. On the other side is a good road, well engineered, and mounting by due zigzags to a green painted gateway, and a graveled sweep before the portico.

But that is a long way off, and there are some acres of garden ground between the road that "leads nowhither" and that which officially conducts to Villa Chiari.

In the old times many a lady's palfrey, and many a churchman's ambling mule, and many a rich litter borne by lackeys, and holding a luxurious Medicean noble, may have passed along the old steep way. Then the fine scroll-work of the iron gates cast the black tracery of its shadow on fair faces and bright hair glistening in the sunshine, and made them fairer and more bright by contrast. And they, too, have gone their way along the road that "leads nowhither," and the sculptured marble is white above their tombs, and the wild flowers twine fearlessly around the unhinged gate.

We pass the gateway and find ourselves in a neglected garden—neglected in this part of it, that is; for near the house the walks are rolled and weeded, and the flower-beds are as trim and bright as patterns in a kaleidoscope. But here are paths all overgrown with greenery, tangled thickets of laurestinum, lilac, rose, and oleander. There is a pergola, or trellis, covered with vines. And the eglantine and clematis and clinging honey-suckle have usurped its support, and pushed their fragrant faces peeringly in here and there amidst the leaves and the grape blossoms. From the bosky gloom of a grove of acacia and ilex trees, thickly undergrown with laurel and lilac, comes the mellow fluting trill of a nightingale, like the perfume out of the heart of a rose. Now and again is heard the flutter of wings, as some little brooding bird stirs in his noonday dream, and then is still again. Onward we wander beneath the freshness of the pergola, then out again into the fiery air. Still onward, past a broken marble basin, once a fountain, where a tiny stream drips out of a crevice and makes a green track in the parched herbage, and where a harmless snake is sunning himself asleep. And we come to a deep blot of shadow that shows against the glare of the ground, like a black mountain tarn amidst snow. The shadow is thrown from an ancient cypress that stands, lonely as a sentinel, upon the brink of the precipice, at the end of the road that "leads nowhither." And in the shadow sits a lady, young and beautiful, looking out at the far-away Apennine, and quite alone.

CHAPTER II.

VILLA CHIARI.

THE lady sitting in the shadow was Veronica. She wore a Tuscan hat with a wide flapping brim, such as the peasant women wear. And beneath it her eyes gleamed and her cheeks glowed brighter than ever. She had wrapped a white burnous as fine as gossamer around her shoulders, and sat huddled together under the cypress, with her elbows resting on her knees and her cheeks resting on her hands. It was shady beneath the cypress, but it was not cool. No spot to which the hot sun-impregnated air had free access could be cool. Still, Veronica sat there looking out at the far-away barren Apennine, with her elbows resting on her knees and her cheeks resting on her hands.

A man came through the garden toward her, a short, thick-set, gray-haired man, staid and respectful, who bared his head in the sunshine as he addressed her.

"Signora!" said the gray-haired man, and then stood still and waited.

Veronica neither turned her head nor her eyes toward him. But her color rose a very little, and through her parted lips the breath came quicker.

"Miladi!" said the gray-haired man. No shade of difference could be discovered in his tone. It was the same to him whether he used the one title or the other. If this lady preferred the English one, why should she not have it? He had learned that she liked it best; but he was very far indeed from understanding why.

"What is it, Paul?"

"Pardon, miladi, but Sir John, on awaking from his siesta, demanded to know where you were; and when I told him that I supposed you were beneath the accustomed cypress, sent me to pray you to come in."

Paul spoke in Italian—which was nearly as much a foreign language as English to his Piedmontese tongue—and addressed her with perfect respect, but with an indefinable air of taking it for granted that she would comply with any expressed wish of Sir John's, which grated on the sensitive soreness of her haughty spirit.

"I am very well here, and shall remain," said Veronica, briefly. Then she turned her eyes away (she had never relinquished her careless attitude) and seemed to dismiss him from her thoughts.

"It is bad to stay here in the heat, miladi," returned Paul. He spoke with the same calm, imperturbable air of knowing his duty and doing it which he had assumed toward Sir John Gale in the most irritable moments of his illness.

"I am in the shade," said Veronica. And when she had said it she bit her lip at having been betrayed into what seemed an excuse or apology.

Paul gravely unfurled a huge yellow sunshade, lined with purple, which he had brought with him. It was characteristic of the man, and of the perfect sense he had of his own position, that, albeit his bare head was scorching in the glare, he had never thought of unfurling the sunshade for his own use.

It came into the month's wages to endure personal inconvenience of some sort. A little roasting, a little freezing, a little wetting—what mattered? There was that village up in the Alps, and there were the two boys waiting to be educated to a point that would make them independent of such disagreeable exertions and sacrifices.

Paul put up the yellow umbrella, and held it over Veronica's head; he seemed so absolutely certain that she would get up off the ground and come with him into the house that she rose as though some spell were moving her limbs. Suddenly the willful, spoiled-child mood came upon her, and she threw herself down again beneath the tree, saying, "Go and get me some cushions and a shawl. I shall stay here. I am enjoying the view."

"In the evening, signora—miladi—it is very fine here. *Now*, the sun will burn your skin, and spoil your eyes. It is not like in England, miladi; at this hour in the summer, even up on a height like this, it is not good to be out in the sunshine. It makes the women look old soon. See our contadine!"

With this masterly stroke Paul gravely bent down, hat in hand, and held his arm out for Veronica to lean on when she should rise—and she did rise.

Paul walked a pace behind her holding the umbrella, and they proceeded toward the house. Instead of passing beneath the pergola they turned on reaching the old fountain—where their footsteps disturbed the snake, that slid away at their approach into the dry grass—to the left, and entered a path leading through a shrubbery. Here the walks were neat, the grass clipped, and the flowers duly tended. The grounds had not the fresh perfection of an English garden. There was a want of finish about all the details—the finish that comes from doing thoroughly whatever is done—but nature had filled the place with light, and color, and perfume, and it was very lovely. At a turn in the path the house came in view. Villa Chiari was an old and vast building, solid, heavy, and with few windows in proportion to the great extent of wall-space. This circumstance, which would make a house gloomy in a northern climate, is suggestive only of grateful shade and coolness to a dweller beneath Italian skies. Wealth had been unsparingly employed *within* the villa to make it a comfortable and luxurious residence, in accordance with modern English ideas of what is comfortable and luxurious: but *without*, Villa Chiari remained much as it had been any time these three hundred years. It was covered with yellowish plaster. Situated as the house was, on a height, and fronting to the north, it had become much stained by wind and weather. The plaster was discolored, cracked, and, in some places, had peeled off altogether, revealing a rough solid wall constructed of mingled brick and stone, after the Tuscan fashion. To each window were double wooden shutters or jalousies, painted green. These were open on the side of the house that was in shadow, and were carefully closed whenever the sun's rays beat against them like a flight of burning arrows. All the windows on the basement story were protected against more earthly assailants by massive wrought-iron bars.

Immediately beneath each of the lower windows was a stone bench, the sad, gray color of which was diversified by bright lichens. A large archway, closed by double doors, in the centre of the façade, gave access to a paved court-yard open to the sky. Around the court-yard ran an open arcade—called here a loggia—and from it opened various doors leading to the interior of the dwelling. The roof was covered with ancient tiles, mellowed into a rich sombre brown by time and sunshine. And from it, at one end of the building, rose a square tower, also tiled, and with overhanging pent-house eaves.

There was something melancholy and forlorn in the exterior aspect of the house. The crumbling plaster, the shut jalousies, the moss-grown uneven pavement before the door, the brooding stillness that hung over the whole place—a stillness that seemed of death rather than sleep—were all depressing.

Paul held open a low door beneath the loggia for Veronica to pass.

She entered a shady corridor, whose marble pavement seemed icy cold to one coming from without. A moment ago she had longed for shade and coolness. Now the air of the house struck chill, and she shuddered, drawing the cloak around her.

At the end of the corridor was a large saloon. The floor was still covered with a rich and very thick carpet, contrary to Italian usage, which requires that all carpets be removed from the marble or painted brick floors in summer. There were luxurious chairs, and sofas, and ottomans; cabinets of rare workmanship and costly materials; silken hangings and gold-framed mirrors in the saloon. It had a lofty, vaulted ceiling, adorned with colossal stucco garlands, white on a blue ground. The air was faint with the rich perfume of flowers disposed in massive groups about the room; and only a dim sea-green twilight filtered in through the closed jalousies.

Sir John Gale was lying on a couch when Veronica entered. He rose when she appeared, took her hand, and led her to a chair. He was more high-shouldered than ever, and lean; and in the greenish light his face looked ghastly. Paul had followed Veronica to his master's presence, and had waited an instant; but at a wave of Sir John's hand he had withdrawn, closing the door noiselessly after him.

Veronica tossed her broad-brimmed hat on to an ottoman near her, and threw herself back in her chair with an air of consummate languor.

Sir John's eyes were accustomed to the dimness. He could see her better than she could see him, and he watched her with a half-admiring, half-savage glance.

"You have been out," he said, after a silence of some minutes.

She slightly bent her head.

"I thought that you had been taking a siesta in your own apartments."

She made a negative sign without speaking.

"Am I not deemed worthy of the honor of a word?" asked Sir John; and though his mouth smiled as he said it, his eyebrows frowned.

"Too hot to talk!" murmured Veronica.

"If you had remained indoors, as I have so frequently advised, at this hour, you would not now have been overcome by the heat, which is, of course, my first consideration; and I should have enjoyed the pleasure of your conversation."

Veronica shrugged her shoulders, and smiled disdainfully.

"Well, perhaps you are right," said Sir John, answering the smile with a sneer Mephistopheles might have owned. "Perhaps you would not have made yourself agreeable if you *had* staid in. But at all events you would have done more wisely for yourself. You positively run the risk of getting a *coup-de-soleil* by running out in this incautious manner!"

Veronica sighed a little impatient sigh, and pulling down a rich plait of her hair, drew its glossy length languidly across and across her lips.

"Magnificent!" said Sir John, softly, after contemplating her for some time.

She looked up inquiringly.

"Magnificent hair! Quantity, quality, and hue, all superb! I never knew but one other woman with such an abundance of hair as you have. And hers was blonde, which I don't admire."

The expression of his admiration had not lost its power to charm her. Indeed, it may be said that to hear her beauty praised by any lips, however false and coarse, was now the one delight of her life. That the flattery was poisoned she knew, as the drunkard knows what bane he swallows in each fiery draught. But she turned from it no more than he refrains from the fatal wine-cup. Her face brightened, and she coquettishly released all the coils of her hair with a sudden turn of her hand. It fell in plaits, or loose rippling tresses, all around her. Sir John looked on complacently with a sense of ownership.

"Will you drive this evening?" asked Veronica.

"Drive? I don't know. Where? There *are* no drives."

"I want to go to Florence."

"To Florence!"

"You know you said I should do so some day. I have never seen it. When we passed through from the railway station it was dark. It is so dull here. Besides," she added, as if angry with herself for having assumed a pleading tone, "I *want* to go."

"There can be no necessity, Veronica. The servants will procure you any thing you want."

"But I wish to see the city! Why should you not come?"

"What is the use of making me recapitulate my reasons? I am known there. You would be exposed to—to—disagreeable rencontres; in short, it is better not to go into Florence at present."

He spoke in an imperious tone of masterhood, and then sank back on his couch as though the discussion were closed. Veronica sat quite still for a minute or so. The minute seemed very long to her. She was trying to school herself to be politic, and to answer calmly. But self-control is not to be acquired in an instant.

Her own impulse of the moment, her own likes and dislikes, caprices and whims, had been paramount with Veronica all her life. Now, after telling herself sternly that it would not do to be hasty, and that every thing depended on her power of self-command, she broke out on a sudden with childish vehemence; declaring that she was moped to death; that she was dull, wretched, bored, all day long; that if there were any reason for Sir John's shrinking from being seen in Florence it rested with himself to remove that reason; that she was sick and weary of the delays and disappointments; finally, that she *would* go to the city that evening.

At first Sir John listened to her petulant, broken speech with the detestable enjoyment of a cruel school-boy, who watches his newly-caged bird fluttering in terror and impotent anger against the wires. But some word she said touched on a theme which threatened to give him trouble.

That prospect was not amusing. Besides, Veronica looked very handsome so long as she was merely passionate and angry. But after the first outburst symptoms of rising tears became apparent, and *that* prospect also was not amusing.

"Good Heavens, Veronica!" exclaimed Sir John, "how can you be such a baby? Go, go, if you like. If you care about it so much, order the carriage at any hour you please. Only let me suggest that it be not before the sun has begun to lose some of his power. It will be hot enough in any case in those narrow stuffy streets. Ouf!"

"And you?" said Veronica, standing looking at him irresolutely.

"Oh, I shall not go. You can take your maid, and Paul will attend you."

"I don't want Paul," muttered Veronica, but in so low and indistinct a tone that Sir John might plausibly affect not to hear it if he chose. And he did choose.

"Of course Paul will attend you," he repeated, quietly. "You will find Paul indispensable. That lout of a Tuscan coachman would get you into some scrape, to a certainty."

All Sir John Gale's servants, with the exception of Paul and the cook, were Tuscans: not town-bred Florentines, but country people. Their service was clumsily rendered, but Sir John had known what he was about when he charged Paul to see that no servant accustomed to wait on foreigners, and to flit from house to house gossip-laden, was engaged among his domestics.

When the carriage was announced there stood Paul, bare-headed, to hand "miladi" in. Her maid placed herself on the back seat, and Paul climbed up to the box beside the coachman.

"Where to, miladi?" asked Paul, leaning down, hat in hand.

"To Florence. Any where. I don't know. Stay; I want to buy a—a fan. Drive first to a place where they sell fans."

The carriage had not gone a quarter of a mile down the steep incline that led from Villa Chiari—it was down hill thence in every direction—when she called to Paul, and bade him make the coachman stop.

"I think," said she, with a not quite successful assumption of being an independent agent—"I think I will take a drive in the park—the Cascine they call it, don't they? Go there first."

Paul bent down lower into the carriage, and said, in English, "At the hour when we should arrive there, miladi, the Cascine would be terribly unwholesome. Sunset is a bad time, or even the hour before sunset. There is a mist. It is damp. You get colds—oh, very dangerous colds. Does miladi care which fan-shop she goes to?"

Veronica drew from her pocket a delicate gold watch incrusted with jewels, and looked at it with a meditative air while Paul was speaking.

"It is later than I thought," she said, slowly. "Tell the coachman to drive straight into town. I must buy my fan by daylight. Never mind the Cascine. Go on."

She looked very imperial and grand, leaning back in the handsome carriage, and folded in a soft cloud of black lace. Peasant women passed and stared at her. Peasant children shouted. Working-men, returning from their daily labor, shaded their eyes to look at her dashing by.

Paul sat, square-shouldered and steady, beside the coachman. And the pleasure of her weak, selfish vanity, and the petty delight of being admired and envied by poor ignorant passers was dashed with a bitter drop—the consciousness that that man was invested with power to control her movements, and that, brave it out as she might, she was a slave, and Paul her keeper.

SQUIRRELS.

SQUIRRELS, black, gray, red, striped, spotted, and brindled, are immensely numerous in the United States. They are tree-planters every where. They bury nuts universally, and thus contribute to the spread both of fruit and nut-bearing trees. A little mischievously inclined when partially domesticated, but in a state of freedom the squirrel performs a valuable service on four continents. A few years ago a colony of them animated Boston Common, to the great pleasure of visitors to that enchanting ground; but they were persecuted by the ignorant, misrepresented by those who knew nothing of their habits, till they have finally disappeared. Alas, for the civilization and science of a city that persecuted those cheerful, playful little animals, whose gambols were delightful exhibitions for youth and old age!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

LETTERS, papers, and packages are soon to be borne on the wings of the wind from one end of our city to the other. A couple of years ago some experiments were tried at the American Institute Fair, which proved that not only letters and parcels, but passengers also, could be safely propelled through a tube by a powerful current of air. The Pneumatic Dispatch Company does not propose to carry passengers just at present, but already the work of tunneling Broadway for the purpose of laying dispatch tubes for letters and parcels has been commenced. The general plan is to carry a tube about three feet in diameter from the Post-office up Broadway to Forty-second or Fifty-ninth street, having various ramifications leading to important business points. And as soon as possible it is proposed to extend the lines to the nearest important cities. The successful operation of such a project as this will be of immense advantage to business men. At least a year's boring will be required to lay the tubes as far as Fourteenth Street. A pneumatic dispatch tube is a novelty for New York; but in London one has been in successful operation for some time.

The salesmen in the large drapers' shops of Paris are insufficiently paid, and work fifteen hours a day. They desired to reduce the hours, not by closing the shops, which would be nearly impossible, but by the establishment of relays. This being refused, and also a demand for a free Sunday, eight thousand assistants struck, and are now endeavoring to organize co-operative "Magasins." An English review, commenting on this fact, remarks: "It is curious to watch the rapid spread of the dislike for very hard labor. Has it really become harder of late years, or is education creating a thirst for leisure, or is it a result of the extinction of small shops? Formerly a shopman expected after, say, ten years' work, to become a shopkeeper; now he remains a shopman for life, and must therefore strive for shorter hours."

Near Bergen, Germany, there is a rare novelty—a papier-maché church, capable of accommodating about one thousand persons. It is circular within, and octagonal without. Every part is made of papier-maché, rendered water-proof by a saturation in vitriol, lime-water, and some albuminous substance.

There may be exceptions, but, as a rule, a gentleman should be sufficiently acquainted with the lady he desires to marry to know her full name before he applies for a marriage license! A would-be bridegroom in Iowa could only remember the christened name of his lady-love when he asked for a license, and a friend was appealed to for the proper surname. But during the ceremony, when called by the name which the friend had given, the lady interrupted by saying that that was not her name. The ceremony was stopped, the parents of the bride were sent for, and they having testified to the actual name of the lady, the marriage was concluded.

Burke availed himself of a simple but singular remedy for every indisposition. Whenever he felt ill he would order a kettle of water to be kept boiling, of which he drank large quantities as hot as he could bear. He sipped it with a spoon, as if it had been soup. Hot water, he used to say, was the finest stimulant and most powerful restorative in the world.

The centennial anniversary of Beethoven's birthday is a matter of much interest among many of our citizens. Preliminary meetings have already been held for the purpose of maturing plans. It has been suggested that the erection of a commodious and elegant music hall in this city would be an appropriate tribute of respect to the memory of one whose name is identified with the history and art of music. A further suggestion is, that the Central Park would be a most fitting place for such a music hall.

One hundred and twenty-five workmen are now employed on the new mint at San Francisco. The outer foundation walls are of solid granite, and five feet wide; the inner walls are of brick, and vary in width from three to five feet. These walls will vary in height from two and a half feet to five feet, according to the grade of the lot.

An English gentleman, Mr. Powell, who was making some explorations in Abyssinia for pleasure, was murdered, with his wife and children, by a Shangalla tribe. No redress being expected from the government, two brothers of the murdered man landed in Abyssinia with rifles and followers, obtained aid from Prince Kassai, attacked the tribe, killed eight men, and destroyed all their houses.

"A good percentage of inventions," remarks an English journal, "are of American origin. In that country of geniuses every body invents." It is estimated that not far from fourteen thousand patents will be granted by the United States office this year. To be sure, some marvelous things are proposed. One man claimed protection for the application of the Lord's Prayer, repeated in a loud voice, to cure stammering. Another applied for the envied parchment on behalf of a new and useful attachment of a weight to a cow's tail, to prevent her switching it during the milking operation. A lady patented a hair-crimping pin, which she specified might also be used as a paper-cutter, as a skirt-supporter, a child's pin, a bouquet-holder, a shawl-fastener, or as a book-mark. A "horse-refresher" is a hollow bit perforated with holes, and connected by a flexible tube with a water reservoir in the vehicle, so that the driver can give his animal a drink without stopping. The "snorers' friend" is a luxurious contrivance to be attached to church pew-backs, so that one may sleep through a dull sermon in peace and comfort.

John G. Saxe uttered his latest witticism at a Western hotel the other day. He undertook to carve a piece of beef which was so tough that the carving-knife made little impression upon it. The poet laid down knife and fork, glanced around, and spoke. "Gentlemen," said he, "that's an infringement on Goodyear's patent!"

The London *Illustrated Times* gives travelers a hint in regard to water-proofs. Good Scottish tweed can be made entirely impervious to rain, so it says, by soaking it in a solution made with a couple of gallons of soft water, half a pound of sugar of lead, and half a pound of powdered alum. Stir this mixture at intervals until it becomes clear, then pour it off into another vessel, and put the garment into it for twenty-four hours. Hang it up to dry without wringing it.

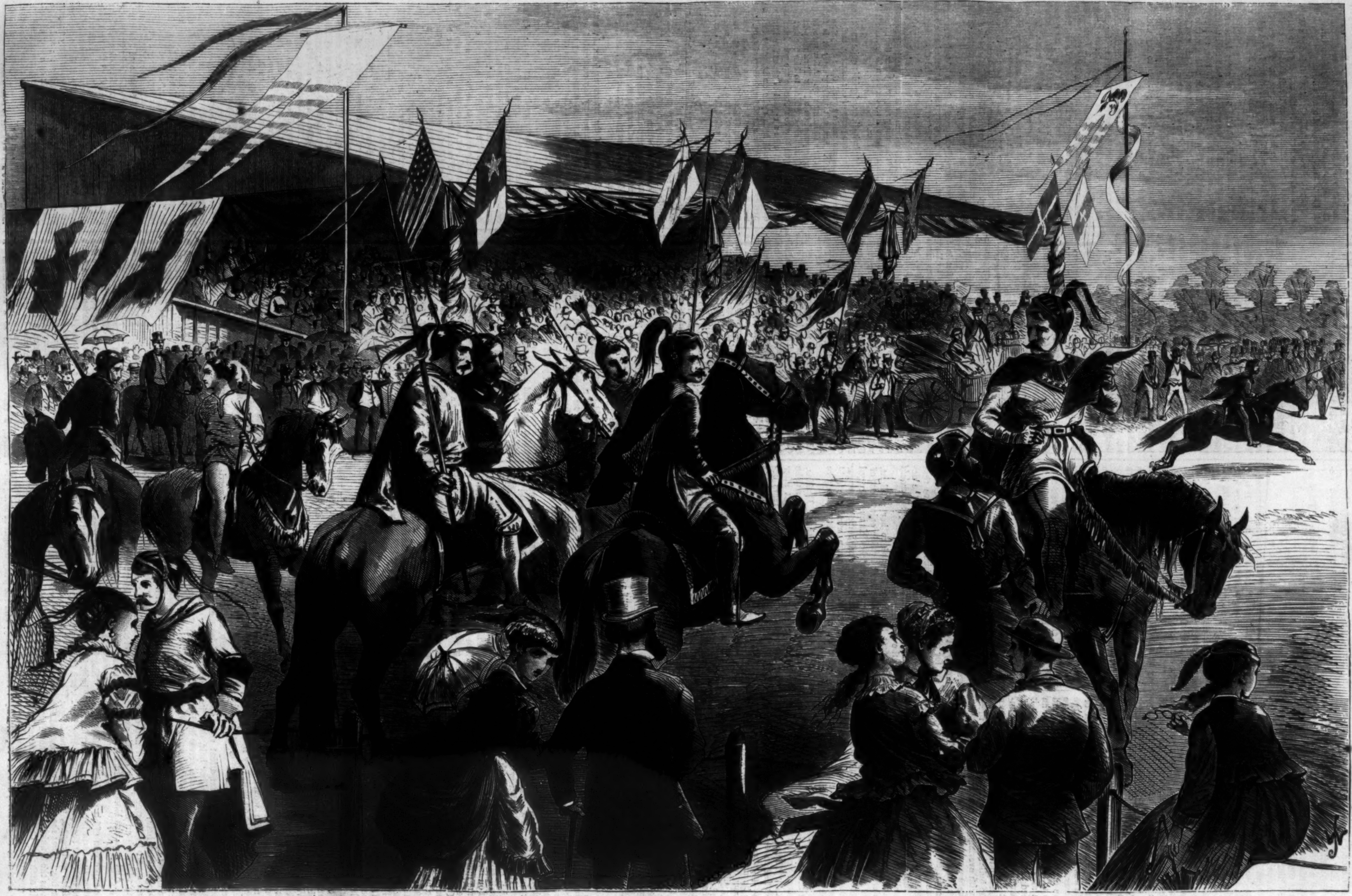
Venice is built upon several low islands of sand which lie in the sea, and might be a few inches above the water at low tide, but they form no resting-place for a city, except to hold the spiles, which are driven down closely together, and upon which foundation Venice now and must ever rest. All the city is traversed by canals, through which the tide ebbs and flows, and these canals are the streets of Venice; the houses are built flush to the water's edge, with stairs descending from the entrance down into the water. There is no occasion for horses and carriages in this city of the sea, but gondolas are all-important, and every private family that can afford it keeps one moored in front of the house. The gondola is a boat peculiar to Venice. It is very long and narrow, with both ends pointed sharp. It is always painted black, and has a low cabin, with cushioned seats, which can be removed in fair weather, and an awning substituted.

It was formerly supposed that night-air was very injurious. Now many regard that belief as a mere prejudice, excepting in certain special circumstances or conditions of the atmosphere. In large cities, when the commotion which causes the air to be loaded with particles of dust and smoke is comparatively quelled, the night-air is in many respects purer than that of the day. Hence there is no occasion to exclude it by closing every window.

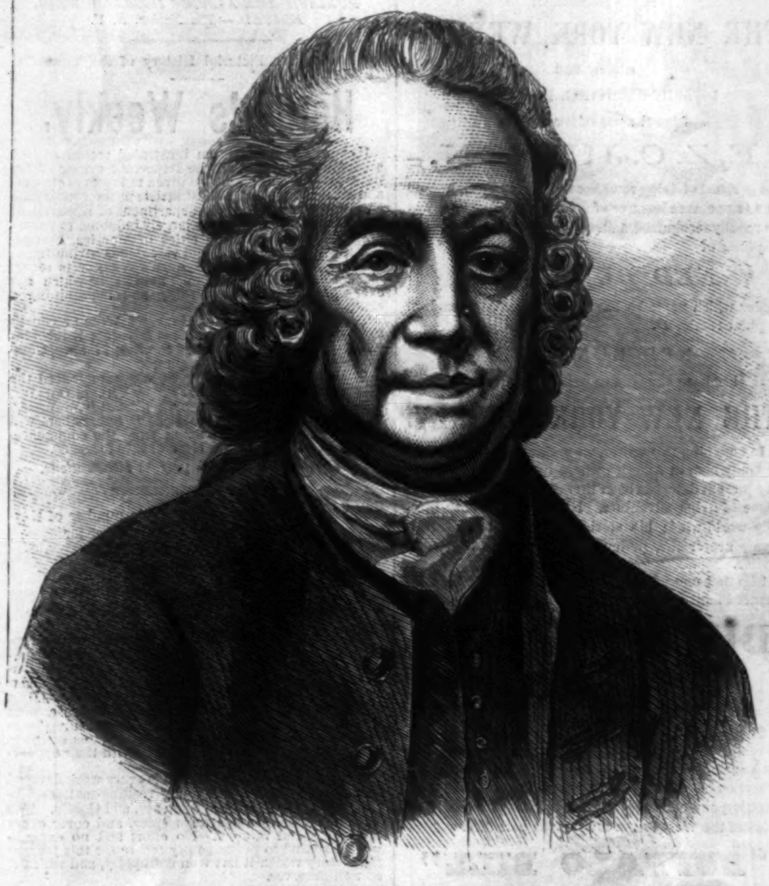
Manufacturing imitations of gold is quite an extensive business in some parts of our country, and sometimes attempts are made to sell these alloys for the genuine article. But not unfrequently it is found easier to cheat in a different way. A few months ago a wily traveler imposed on a New York shop-keeper after this fashion: He confided to him the fact that he had discovered how to manufacture gold from base metals, and that with a capital of about five hundred dollars they could both make an immense fortune. Accordingly a day was fixed for the experiment. The man was on hand at the proper time with a crucible and a number of singular-looking tools, and having closeted himself for nearly two hours in the midst of smoke, he at length called the merchant to him, and revealed a small bar of gold, which he declared had resulted from his labors. The latter took the gold to a jeweler, and had it tested. He was informed that it was the real article, and, having returned to his friend in raptures at the prospect of acquiring a fortune, was easily induced to advance five hundred dollars as capital on which to proceed with the work. The swindler, having pocketed his greenbacks, repaired to another field of enterprise. The gold he had given to be tested was pure, but the manufacturing was all a sham.

What becomes of the numerous journals, native and foreign, which are every day confiscated by the French police? One might suppose they would be made to pay the penalty of their various offenses by being employed to kindle the fires in all the imperial palaces, barracks, and police-offices of the empire. But no. When the store-room is full the papers are transferred to the Receveur du Domaine, and carted away under his surveillance to a closed spot beyond the barrières, where they are thrown pell-mell into caldrons of hot water and prosaically boiled down to pulp. This operation is called *la mise au pilon*, and is performed in the presence of a squad of gens d'armes, who are careful to see that not a single one of the doomed journals escapes. The pulp is then sold to paper manufacturers. At the last boiling 160,000 of Henri Rochefort's *Lanternes*, red covers and all, were stewed in company with about half a million copies of the *Indépendance Belge*, the *Gazette de Francfort*, the *Gazette de Moscou*, and the *Kladderadatch*—four papers which, from so often finding themselves in hot water together, must by this time have got used to each other's society.

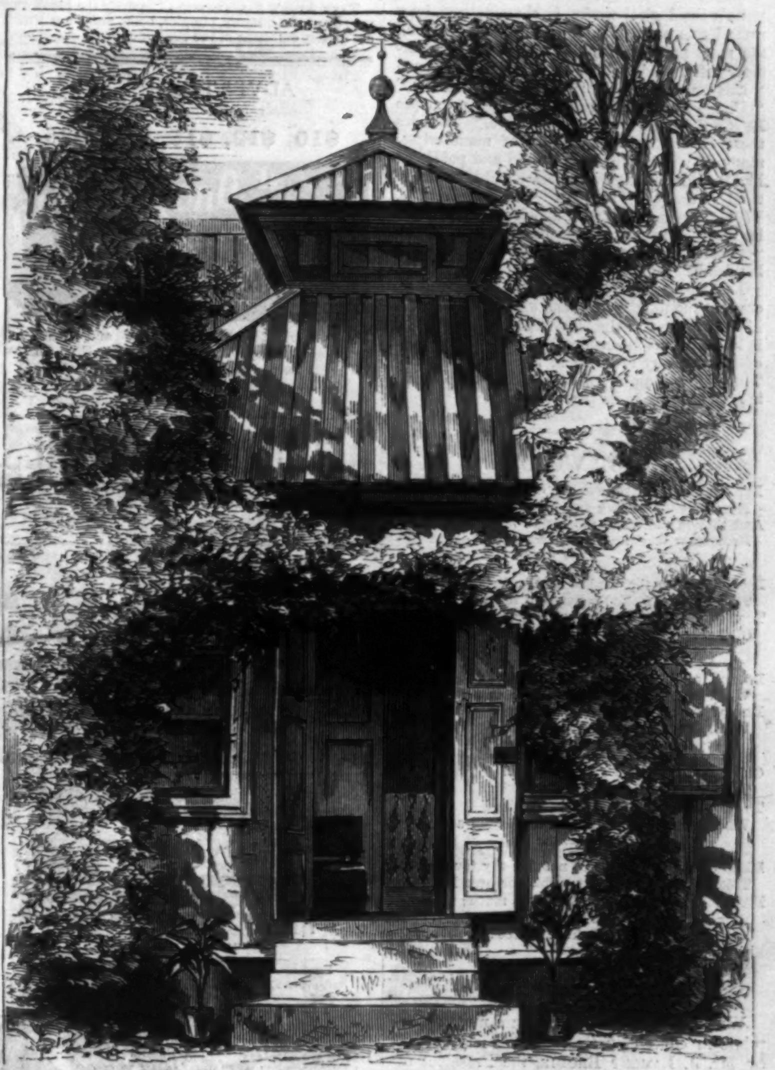
Among the curious stories told of Parisian beggars is one concerning a blind man—*really* blind—who is always to be found near a certain gateway on the Boulevard Sebastopol. A passer-by who was in the habit of giving him a couple of sous one day dropped a double Louis in the fellow's hat by mistake. On discovering his mistake, some time after, he returned to reclaim his gold. The blind man was gone, but a cripple in the gateway directed him to the Rue du Petit Carreau, where he said "Monsieur Benjamin" lived. The inquirer went to the address indicated. A nicely-dressed servant came to open it. "Monsieur Benjamin in?" "Yes, Sir." Our friend is shown into an elegant ante-room, through which one could see into a dining-room, where there was a table admirably appointed with fine white linen, crystal, and silver. The maid came to say that Monsieur Benjamin would be glad to see his visitor, and at the same instant she opened the door of an apartment furnished in the Turkish fashion, in which the blind man was seen seated on a divan. "You wished to speak to me," he said. "Yes, indeed, Sir," replied our friend, rather embarrassed. "I am very sorry to trouble you, but the fact is—I believe—I rather think—that in passing along the Boulevard Sebastopol this morning I gave you by mistake two Louis for two sous." The blind man said, with the utmost coolness, "That is quite possible—I haven't looked at the cash yet; and if there is a mistake, nothing is easier than to rectify it." He rung a bell, which was answered by the maid. "Ask M. Ernest," he said, "if in the receipts of this morning he has found a piece of forty francs." The piece was there; the maid fetched it; and at the bidding of her master presented it on a tray of Chinese lac to his visitor. The visitor pounced upon his coin, and without more ado proceeded to take leave. "Pardon, Sir," said the blind man, "you forget something—there are two sous to return me."



A MODERN TOURNAMENT.—DRAWN BY W. S. L. JEWETT.—[SEE PAGE 775.]



EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.



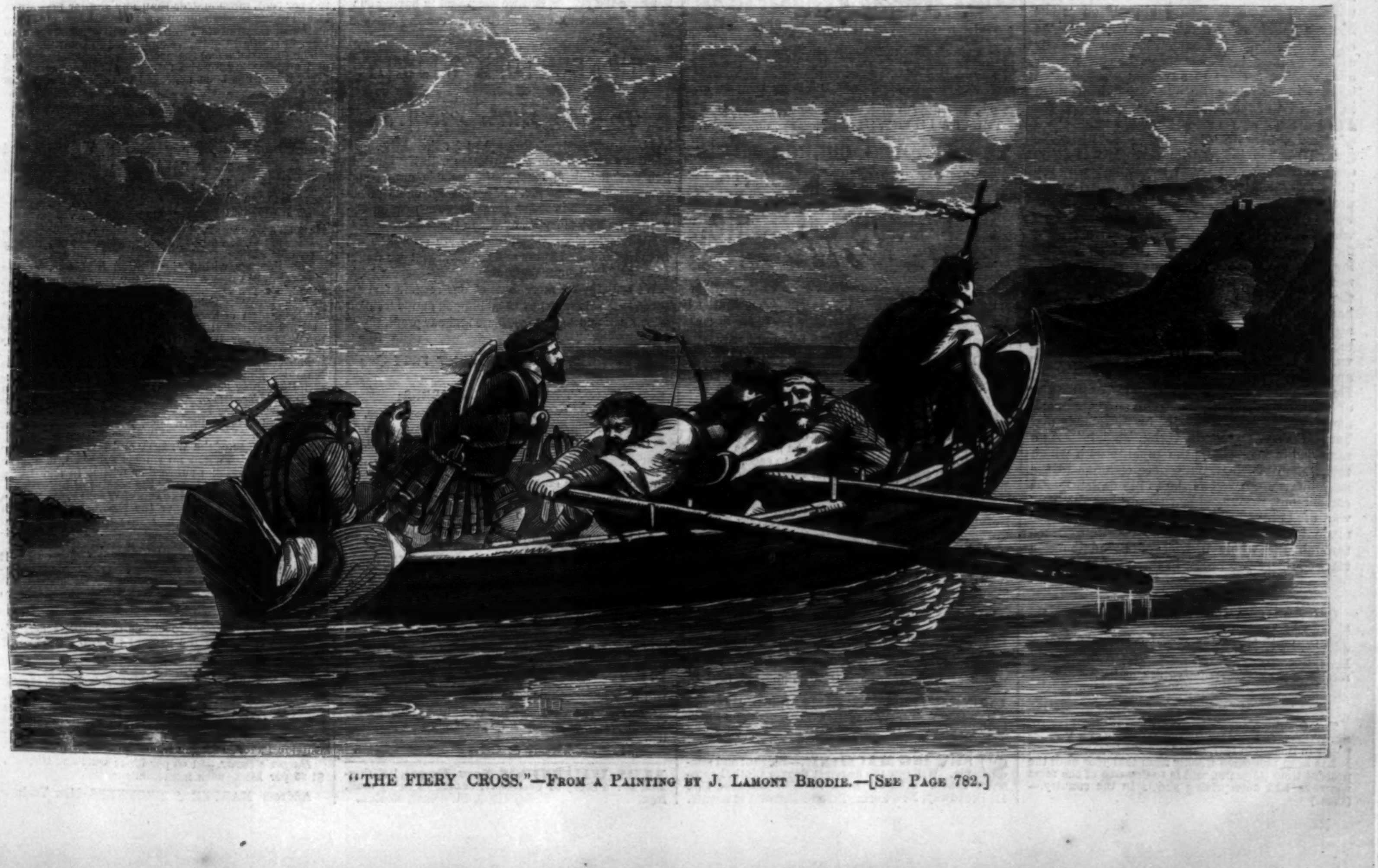
EMANUEL SWEDENBORG'S COTTAGE, STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

FEW men ever exercised so large an influence over the religious opinions of the race as **EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.** He was born in Stockholm, Sweden, January 29, 1688, and died in London, March 29, 1772, in his eighty-fifth year. His father, **JASPER SWEDENBORG**, was the Bishop of Skara, in West Gottland, and had charge of the Swedish Church in England and its American Colonies. **EMANUEL** belonged to the nobility, and received the most liberal education. He received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Upsal, in 1709, and afterward traveled in foreign countries. Though a poet by nature, he devoted a large portion of his leisure time to the study of mathematics and mechanics. It was through his proficiency in these sciences that he came to be introduced to the special notice of **CHARLES XII.**, by whom, in 1716, he was appointed assessor of the royal mines. He availed himself of his mechanical skill in the siege of Frederickshald, where he, by means of machines of his own invention, contrived to transport several large vessels, over hills and valleys, a distance of about fourteen miles. About this time he published several small works, among which was a treatise on the earth and the planets. In 1721 he published in Latin, at Amsterdam, six small philosophical treatises, one of which was entitled "A Practical Method of finding the Longitude of Places on Land and at Sea by Lunar Observations." In 1722 he published some scientific works, principally relating to minerals. In 1733 he published, at Dresden and Leipsic, his "Principia, or the First Principles of Natural Things, being New Attempts toward a Philosophical Explanation of the Elementary World." In 1740, at Amsterdam, he published "The Philosophy of the Animal Kingdom;" and in 1744–45 "The Animal Kingdom," and "The Worship and Love of God."

These various works established **SWEDENBORG**'s reputation as a profound thinker. In 1724 he was invited to accept the professorship of Pure Mathematics in the University of Upsal, but declined the office. His portrait hangs in the hall of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Stockholm, of which he was once President, near that of **LINNÆUS**, one of the first founders of the institution. It is asserted that a number of important discoveries which have made other names illustrious were anticipated in **SWEDENBORG**'s works.

In early life **SWEDENBORG** was the subject of deep religious impressions, and his writings are all characterized by a devotional spirit. He often read and meditated on the Word of God. Every thing, however trivial, he submitted to the will of Divine Providence. In his fifty-seventh year, when, as he assures us, he "was called to a new and holy office by the Lord himself, who manifested himself to him in person, and opened his sight to a view of the spiritual world, and granted him the privilege of conversing with spirits and angels," he resigned his office as assessor, one-half of his salary being continued to him in his retirement. After four years of preparation, during which **SWEDENBORG** sincerely believed that he was acting under the Divine guidance, he published his "Heavenly Arcana." Like his former works, this was in Latin. The entire work, in eight volumes, was published in London, 1749–56. This, the largest of **SWEDEN-**



"THE FIERY CROSS."—FROM A PAINTING BY J. LAMONT BRODIE.—[SEE PAGE 782.]

BORG's theological works, is characterized by a remarkable method and consistency. Among the most prominent of his works of this character afterward published may be mentioned "Heaven and Hell," "The New Jerusalem," "Divine Love and Wisdom," "The Apocalypse Revealed," and "Conjugal Love." Besides these he left a large number of manuscripts, many of which have been edited and published by Dr. J. F. I. TAFEL, professor and librarian in the University of Tübingen. On Christmas-eve, 1771, he was struck with apoplexy, from which he partially recovered, and remained in the full possession of his mental faculties till the time of his death.

During his life SWEDENBORG had few followers, but the number of those who now believe in his system and in the importance of his mission is by no means inconsiderable. The symbolism of his theology is its most fascinating feature. There is nothing in SWEDENBORG's system that is not elevating in its tendency.

LAST WORDS.

LET the sweet air receive my dying moan,
Now that the setting sun inspires its breath;
And though the white moon find thee, love, alone,
Remember where my spirit wandereth:
Yield me to Death.

Look not upon the shadow at thy feet,
The blighted, fretted witness of my woe:
Turn from it, and forget the struggling beat
Of the worn heart that thou hast lovèd so.
O let me go!

Do not recall the drooping of mine eye,
When my last glance has fainted on thy brow;
Do not recall the quiver of the sigh,
Which from my parting agony must grow.
O kiss me now!

Only I bid thee hold my quiet hand
Till all is over; for I am afraid
To be quite lonely on that border-land
Whence earth is mist, and the Beyond a shade.
O let me fade!

I know thee near, but can not feel thy touch;
Thick gloom defeats my sight, nor hear I thee.
Farewell! Remember that I lovèd much;
Pray for one gleam of light to set me free—
O free! O free!

"THE FIERY CROSS."

WE have seldom seen a picture more appropriate in conception than "The Fiery Cross," by Mr. J. LAMONT BRODIE, the President of the Manchester Academy of Fine Arts. The subject will at once suggest itself as VICH ALPINE's summons to his clan, described in SCOTT's "Lady of the Lake." The passage more particularly illustrated occurs in the third canto, where RODERICK, having consigned the terrible symbol of war and danger to his swift henchman, MALISE—

> "Like heathbird the hawks pursue,
> A barge across Loch Katrine flew;
> High stood the henchman on the prow,
> So rapidly the bargemen row,
> The bubbles, where they launched the boat,
> Were all unbroken and afloat,
> Dancing in foam and ripple still,
> When it had near'd the main land hill."

The Celtic character and energy are capitally rendered in every figure. The landscape, too, indicating a coming storm, lends itself to the poetry of the incident. But the best commentary on the subject of the picture we can offer will be the note by SCOTT himself on "The Fiery Cross." "When," says the poet, "a chieftain designed to summon his clan upon any sudden or important emergency, he slew a goat, and, making a cross of any light wood, seared its extremities in the fire, and extinguished them in the blood of the animal. This was called the *Fiery Cross;* also *Crean Tarigh*, or the *Cross of Shame*, because disobedience to what the symbol implied inferred infamy. It was delivered to a swift and trusty messenger, who ran full speed with it to the next hamlet, where he presented it to the principal person with a single word, implying the place of rendezvous. He who received the symbol was bound to send it forward with equal dispatch to the next village; and thus it passed with incredible celerity through all the district which owed allegiance to the chief, and also among his allies and neighbors if the danger was common to them. At sight of the Fiery Cross, every man, from sixteen years old to sixty, capable of bearing arms, was obliged instantly to repair in his best arms and accoutrements to the place of rendezvous. He who failed to appear suffered the extremities of fire and sword, which were emblematically denounced to the disobedient by the bloody and burned marks upon this warlike signal." As a remarkable instance of the rapidity with which this system of telegraphy—once common to the Scandinavian as well as the Celtic nations—was carried out, SCOTT adds that during the civil war of 1745–46, when the Fiery Cross often made its circuit, it upon one occasion passed through the whole district of Breadalbane, a tract of thirty-two miles, in three hours.

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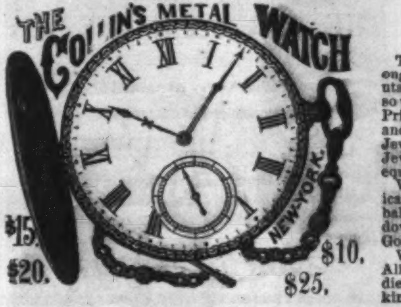

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